



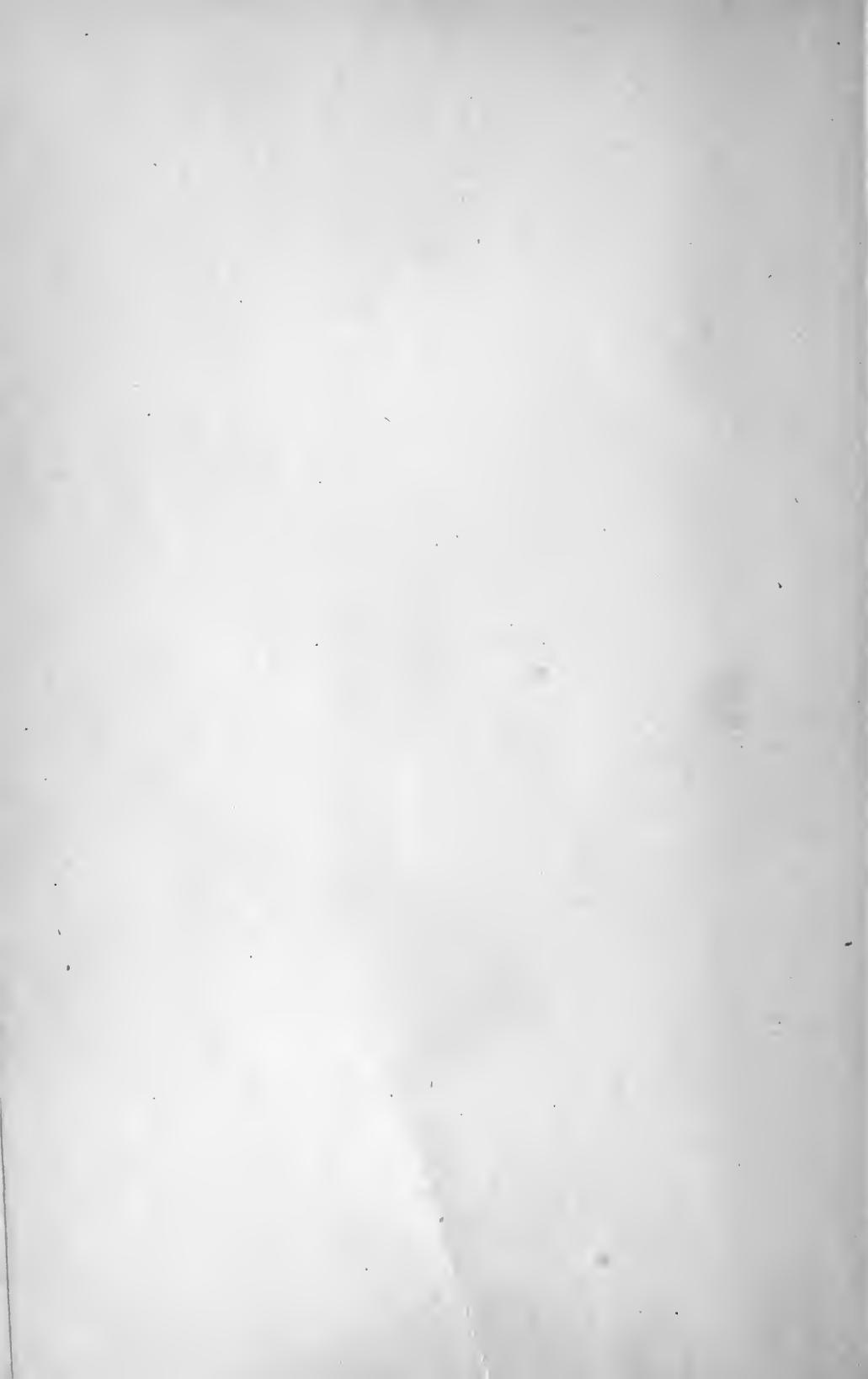
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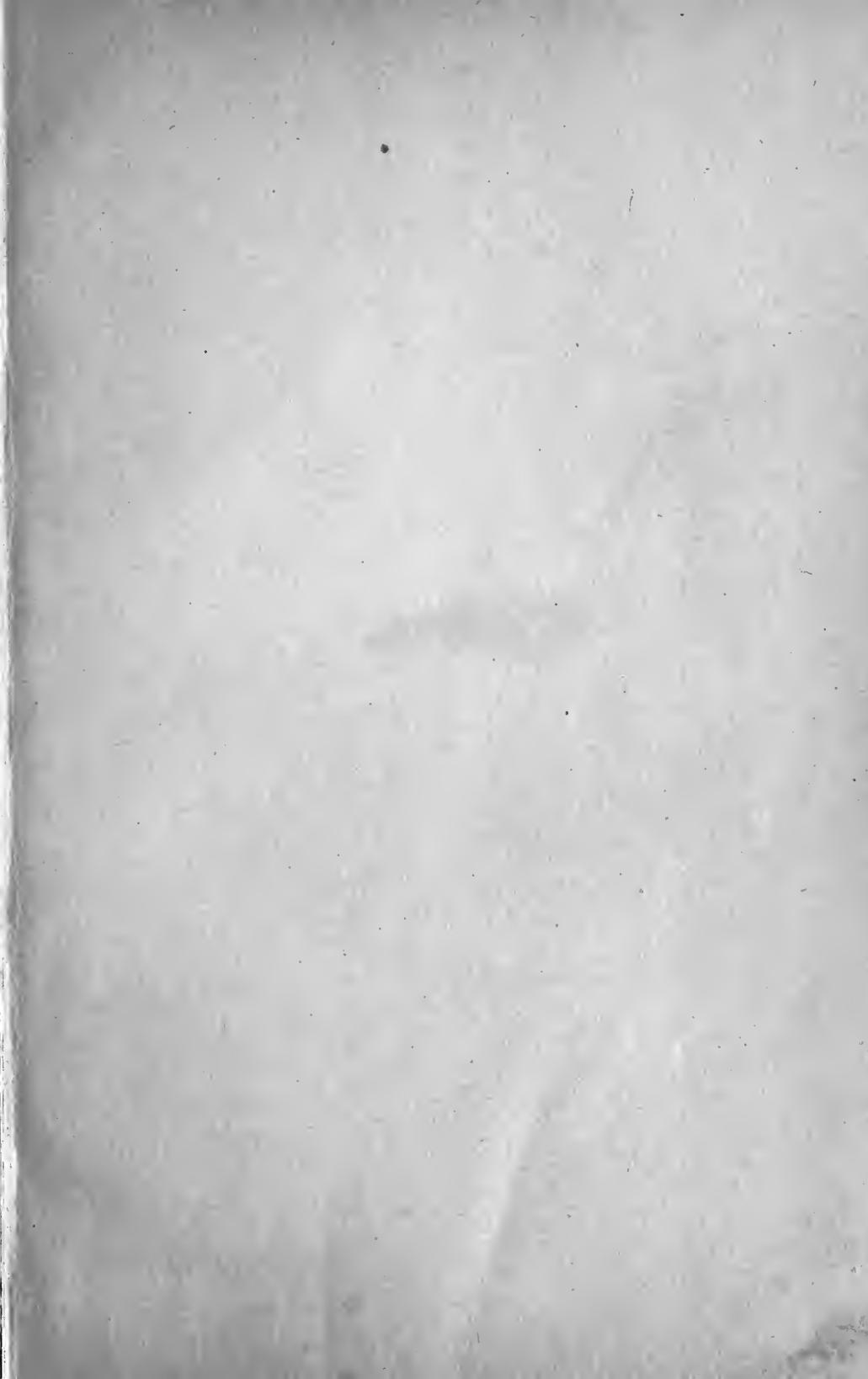
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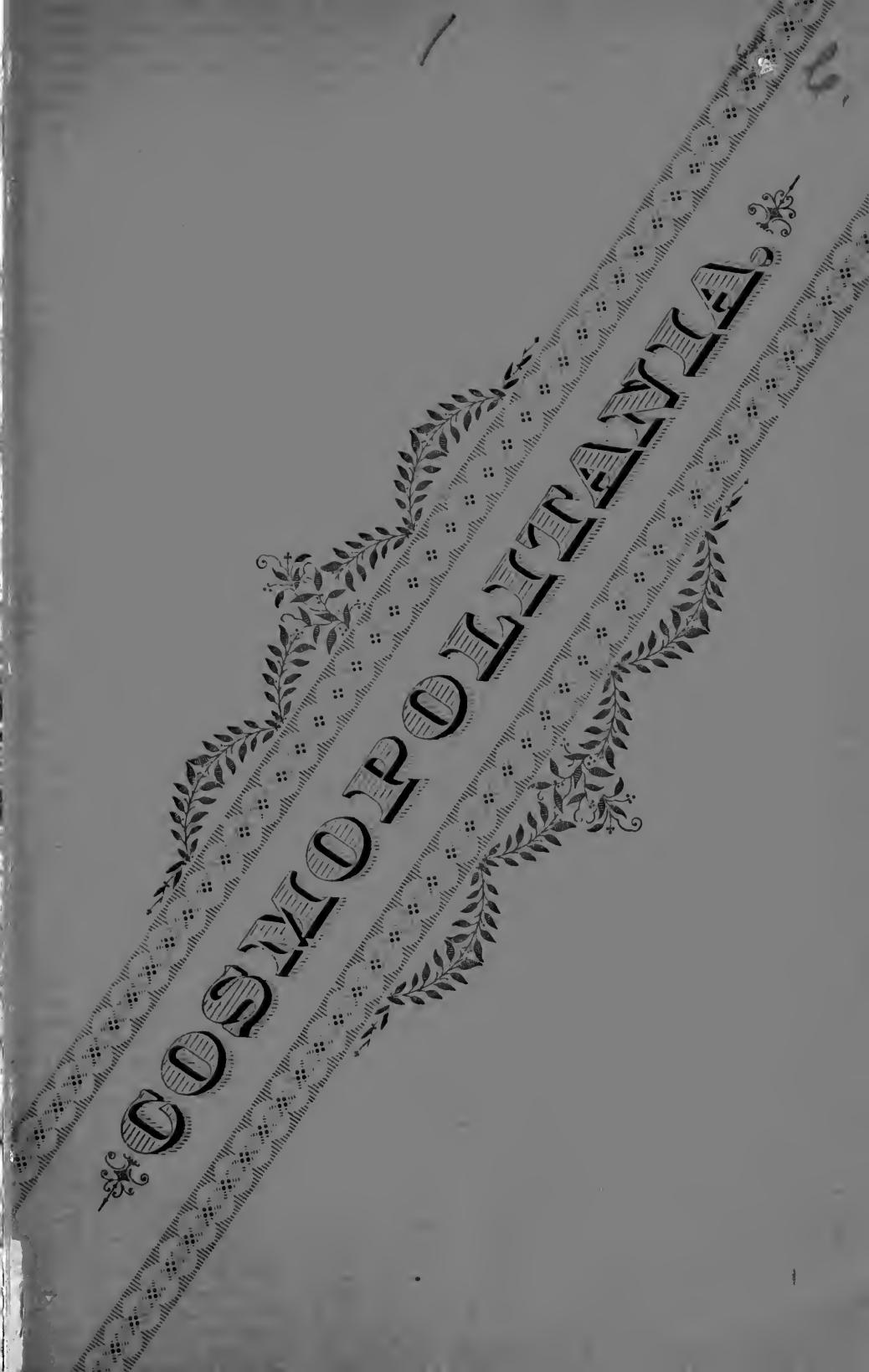






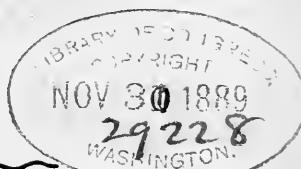








COSMOPOLITANIA.



— A POEM —

— BY —

J. G. SPENCER.

33

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COSMOPOLOITANIA.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ONCE on a time in years gone by,
In spring I have heard said,
Three strangers at a German inn,
For rest their footsteps led.

“And they, all three are travelers
Set out to see the world,”
So said the keeper of the inn,
As he his tongue unfurled.

And so they were—three travelers:
From divers ways they came,
To see the beauties of the Earth,
And places great in fame.

Next day the three quite early 'rose,
To see the bright sun rise,
But e'er it did a rain set in,
Much to the three's surprise;

“Why! why!” said one, “It seems quite
strange,
For water to fall here;
I always thought that in this land
From sky, naught fell but beer.”

COSMOPOLITANIA.

“Stay, stay, dear sirs, don’t think us fools,”
The jolly host loud bloats,
“But, if I’m paid, from out the sky,
I’ll rain beer down your throats.”

The travelers laughed and took the hint:
“A quart a piece, ahay!”
Which being brought they quaffed and sang,
And whiled the morn away.

That afternoon the three were left
Alone the time to spend;
They played at chess and ombre too,
But eve, their games did end.

They supper ate then gathered ’round
The fireside’s cheery glow;
The night was dark, the rain still fell,
The wind with rage did blow.

One traveler to the others said:
“Now that we are alone,
Say we unfold our histories,
Our aim—what each hath done.”

“Good, good,” the other two replied,
“A plan proposed quite well.”
Each nearer to the fireside drew,
To listen and to tell.

The one who first the plan made known,
His story did commence,
But (as it lasted nigh till morn)
His tale I will condense;

He said he was a Spanish prince,
Arcartez was his name,
Through blood and wars he led his life
—At last his downfall came;

But though dethroned, much wealth had he,
And meant to spend it well,
By travelling through the famous lands,
Which histories do tell.

Next day and eve were rainy still;
The second his tale told,
When all were gathered round the hearth
Quite free from wet and cold;

He said his name was Murat,
And from France he first did come,
Though he'd lived his life in Athens,
Which he ever called his home;

When a child he had been stolen,
From his father's tender care,
By a band of roving pirates,
—Forced to breathe their island air;

But at last these thieves were captured
And young Murat (he was ten)
By a Grecian was adopted,
For his parents dead were then;

And so thus he lived in Athens
Till the age of twenty-two
Then he made his mind to journey
All the famous countries through.

And here ended Murat's story ;

And so then began the third,
(Who, by the way, seemed jolly)

And this the others heard :

“ I am, dear sirs—aha—ha—he !

 A king—aha—ha—ho !

A king, my friends, as I have said,

 A-traveling would I go—”

“ What, you a king,” Arcartez quoth.

“ Of course,” the other said,

(He here suppressed some laughing,))

“ Dost thou think I'm out my head?”

“ Nay, nay, my friend,” Arcartez said,

 “ Have no such thoughts of us.”

The other smiled and shouted out :

“ Why then make such a fuss ?”

—The first two looked surprised—

“ You say you are a prince,

And you a stolen Frenchman

—Ha! ha! pray how long since!”

The others looked quite angry

 At the actions of the last.

“ Speak! speak!” quoth Murat, frowning,

“ Your history tell us—fast!”

“ Now list then, worthy comrades,

 If my story you would hear

—The one that is the richest

 May treat us all to becr.”

It was done—they drinking deeply,
Then the jolly one began,
In a voice quite loud and lusty,
Like a trumpet clear it rang:

“My name”—then hesitating,
“Is King Charles of Arragan,
But defeated in a battle
By King Frederic and his clan;

“Though by fortune quite unlucky
In my kingdom’s state affairs,
Yet I’m rich—I own three gold mines,
Which all lie in torrid airs;

“And although I can’t be ruler,
In my country any more,
Yet I’m bound to see lands famous
And the world will travel o’er;

“Of the truth of this my story,
I, as witness, stand alone,
—Judge it kindly—” he burst laughing,
“Please compare it with thine own.”

“Jest thou?” quoth Arcartez smiling,
“Nay, my friend, I ne’er do such.”
Murat then burst loud a-laughing,
“I’m ’fraid we all have said too much.”

“Nay,” said Charles, “we know each other,
You a prince, and I, a king,
And this one a French-Athenian.
Ah! we form a merry ring.”

“Yea,” continued Murat, rising,
“We are rich each one and all,
And we’re traveling for our pleasure,
Start in Spring and end in Fall.”

“Hear,” quoth Charles in kingly manner,
“Hold my slaves till I unfold
Schemes which in my mind are brewing,
And quite worthy to be told;

“Since we all are Marco Polos
—Cosmopolics—(to be plain,)
Why not journey all together—
More we’ll see—it’s just the same.”

—Loud and sharp Arcartez shouted,
Murat catching up the strain:
“Glorious! Glorious! grand proposal,
Worthy Charles of Arragan!”

Then the king continued gravely:
“This occasion great and grand,
Must be washed with beer and sherry—
Slaves, obey the king’s command!”

Need I say that they were filled
Up with beer till, running o’er,
—Of their senses not controlling—
In a heap fell to the floor;

And the king thought he was warring
With great Frederic and his clan,
When, in truth, he was but beating
The inn’s sofa to a jam.

And bold Murat, in his fancy,
When into the fire he fell,
Was with murd'rous pirates fighting,
Who on island shores did dwell.

Brave Arcartez was regaining
His lost throne in Spanish lands,
And was dancing on the table,
To the tunes of joyous bands.

A week passed by—the travelers
Were able to leave bed,
And walk about the inn-yard,
Though still weak about the head;

Another week went slowly by
And better still they grew,
And one week more they are all right,
All cured completely through.

“I swear, I vow, I give mine oath,”
Quoth Charles, “I’ll not allow
Another drop of German beer,
Down my poor throat to flow;

“And by the crown of Arragan,
And by it’s sceptre too,
I swear I’ll keep the oath I’ve made—
Good friends, see that I do.”

“By heaven!” shouted Murat loud,
“I say the same as you;
Germanic beer’s too much for me.
Keep watch of me—you two.”

Arcartez then his vow proclaimed
In words the very same—
The three then told their jolly host
In sentences quite plain.

The host then said quite slowly:
“You should not blame the beer,
If you drink with moderation
There is no need of fear.”

With Aurora brightly shining
Our three travelers left the inn,
And a-foot with hearts quite cheery,
Made their way on to Berlin.

* * * * *

Berlin's mass is all excitement,
Linden is with people filled,
All are clapping, all are shouting,
All are now with clamor thrilled;

Near a statue in the Linden,
Stand three gazers whom we know;
Do you see them—there's Arcartez,
Murat, Charles in kingly show;

They look well and happy—don't they?
Murat has much taller grew
And Arcartez is more corpulent,
Charles is fatter through and through.

When the troops had disappeared
Down the city's noted way,
And the crowd was slow dispersing,
Murat then found time to say:

“We have seen the German army,
 Noted over all the world,
For its strength and men of stature,
 When in war it’s flag ’s unfurled.”

As they stood beneath the statue,
 Murat talking history,
(By the way, he seemed informed
 On all facts that tend that way),

Came a horseman—an official,
 As his dress and sword did show,
And his steed for breath was panting
 And its eyes with fire did glow;

Lost his cap—the cavalier man’s
 Golden hair waved in the air,
And his face was strangely handsome,
 Perfect were his features, fair.

“Who is this man?” cried Arcartez;
 They all looked but none could tell.
At that moment to the pavement
 The horse stumbled, slipped and fell;

The rider o’er its head went flying,
 But with movement full of skill,
On his feet he struck quite safely,
 Without scratch, without a sill.

Then with action quick as lightning
 Darted he across the street,
—Down another—disappeared—
 This was done with footsteps fleet.

Quickly 'round the steed had gathered
People who did see it fall,
And of these were our three travelers
—Charles arriving first of all.

On the ground he saw a letter
—Quickly put it in his breast—
“I will see it,” he said softly,
“When away from all the rest.”

The steed was dying and they noticed,
That the saddle, bridle—all,
Were with gold and silver mounted.
“This steed's master wealth can call.”

“Aye,” said Murat, “By these trappings,
Ne'er a beggar this man was.”
“Come,” said Charles, “I found a letter
On this spot”—he then did pause.

“What—a letter!” quoth Arcartez.
“Yes—but wait till all alone.”
“We're impatient, king,” said Murat.
“Stop you fool—have done—have done.”

When arrived at their lodgings,
Charles from out his pocket took,
With majestic air—the letter,
And read with inquiring look:

“Carl: on Wednesday evening meet me,
On the ground that thou hast named,
With thy sword for fight all ready,
Which in justice I have claimed;

“Bring none with thee—I do likewise,
For our secret hatred’s sake,
Which hath burned for years within us,
And will thine or my life take;

“Wednesday evening have I chosen,
Do not fail, Carl, to be there;
Fight we will, the moon our lamplight,
Encouraged by the evening air.”

The letter ended—’twas signed “Hermann”
And was written with ink, red;
The three friends with wonder gazed
At each other. Then Charles said:

“Here’s a mystery to unravel
And friends we will do it, too.”

“True,” quoth Murat, “since we’re in it
We will, with it, go way through.”

“ ‘Tis now Monday,” said Arcartez,
“Two days and a half have we,
To find out their place of meeting.
Friends, we must about it be.”

“Thou art right,” then said the others.
“Must we not inform the guard?”

“Nay,” said Charles, “It is a hap’ning
In this land, that each day ’s heard.”

“And besides,” Arcartez added,
“It is of our business none—
A matter ’tis that’s all quite personal,
—We’ve no interest, all or one.”

“Nay,” said Charles, “I think that I have,
For this Carl, Arcartez, I
Would at least find who his foe is
Before I’ll idly let him die.”

“So be it then my friend and patron,
Where you go I follow too,
“Though I think we’ll get a hiding,
For this ‘fair attending to.”

And so each tried to discover
Who the duelists could be,
But directions were so scanty
None did it successfully.

Days passed on—’twas Wednesday evening;
Our three friends thought ’twas in vain,
To pursue their searching farther,
For success not one could claim.

But that evening after supper,
A long stroll the three did take
Past the suburbs the city,
With the hopes that, by mistake,

They might meet the two combatants;
“We will try, at least,” quoth Charles,
“And behold which is most skillful
At his drawings, cuts and parles.”

Soon they near a little river;
Twilight shades were setting in,
When upon the dark horizon
’Rose fair Luna’s silver rim;

Up she rises—slowly—grandly,
And her beams soft, shedding 'round
Gives distinction to the landscape
As they fall upon the ground.

“ ‘Tis an evening for the poet,’ ”
Whispered Murat with a smile,
“ And enjoy it, to the fullest,
Say we sit down here a while.”

“ But,” said Charles, “ Thou art forgetting—”
“ Nay, O King, ‘tis not the case,
For I think that this our mission
Is naught but a wild goose chase.”

“ Hist—but hark!” Arcartez whispered,
—Sounds of footsteps do they hear—
“ Step aside,” they then concealed them
’Mong some bushes growing near.

Nearer, nearer came the footsteps,
And a figure caught their sight—
“ Ah,” said Charles, “ It is a woman.”
“ Strange,” said Murat, “ Here at night.”

Advanced the woman and she murmured:
“ It is here they are to meet,
But thank God in time arriving,
I may Hermann’s plans defeat.”

Murat said: “ Good chance is with us,
For I think I see it all—”
Then he added—“ Friends, this woman
Is connected with our Carl.”

“Silence, hear!” Arcartez whispered.

And they heard the woman say:

“Carl! oh Carl, I’ll die to save you,”

With head bowed as if to pray.

“Friends,” said Murat, “we will help her,
For I think foul play is here.”

They then stepped from their concealment—

The lady gave a shriek of fear.

But Arcartez, with voice gentle,
Made her understand it all,
Told how Fate had led their footsteps,
To the help which she did call.

“Oh sirs,” said she, “Can I thank you?”

“Wait,” said Charles, “and tell us now,
Of fair Carl and of this meeting.”

To her low the three did bow.

“The duel which is to take place
Is in appearance fair,
But sirs why Carl needs your help
Is, treachery will be there.

“Carl an expert swordsman is,
His enemy knows it too,
And will, assassins with him bring,
To run my brave Carl through ;

‘This brave sirs the reason is
Why I, Theresa, came
To try and save my brother’s life
And me you cannot blame.”

“ But what could’st thou do to these men?”

—Theresa, from her shawl
Drew out some pistols—loaded full,
They numbered four in all.

Arcartez smiled, and Murat said:

“ Alone thou could’st do naught,
But heaven to you hath sent our aid,
We other times have fought.”

“ Yes, I was rash,” Theresa said,

“ To think that I, alone
Could save my brother’s precious life,
—Thank heaven that you have come.”

“ I hear a neigh,” Arcartez said,

“ Back all, and out of sight.”
They all withdrew. “ Another neigh!
Friends soon there’ll be a fight.”

The words had scarce his lips escaped,

When there rode full to view,
A dozen men ; dismount they did
And in a circle drew.

The leader spoke: “ Men out of sight,
And when I whistle loud,
Approach and take the prisoner,
And bear him to St. Cloud ;

“ And there my castle’s dungeon deep,
Shall shut him from mankind.”

His hand he waved—the men depart,
—The chief remains behind.

Then whispered low, Theresa fair:

(And most fair was she too)

“This man is Hermann of St. Cloud,
A villain through and through.”

“Now hush!” said Charles, “Carl doth appear.”

A footstep plain is heard,
And from a shadow forth Carl comes,
With spirit quite unstirred.

“St. Cloud, thou’rt here on time I see,”

“Yea,” Hermann low replied.

“Prepare to fight—till death!” said Carl,
And drew’s sword from his side.

Began the ’fray. The bright moon tinged
The steels with silver sparks
Which flew like lightning all around
And fell by mortal marks!

The swords uplifted—each repelled
From reaching other’s breast—
They clash—then fall—then rise aloft,
And pause as if to rest.

“Ah, Carl, thou’rt skilled I clearly see—”

“And Hermann so art thou,
Or else thy blood had ceased its course,
And heart its beat ere now.”

At once Carl with a quicker hand
His steel moves, with a hiss
And up in air from Hermann’s grasp
A weapon flies—broke is.

“Ah, now I have thee, Hermann, and
Thy life lies in my hand—
Surrender, knave, or by my soul
I’ll kill you where you stand!”

Our travellers and Theresa, all,
So spell-bound were they, that,
If called Carl’s life to defend
They’d moved not where they sat.

A flash of fire from Carl’s bold eye,
His anger at its height:
“Down, coward! so I know thou art;
Thy treason’s known to-night!”

But Hermann did not make reply,
But from his bosom drew,
—This with the eagle’s instant move—
A whistle; loud he blew.

Its echoes had but scarce begun,
When Carl’s sword shrill did whist,
And fell the shaft on Hermann’s arm,
Which severed at the wrist.

The sword of Carl here did not cease,
But springing forward, he
Prepared to meet the charging band.
“I will no coward be!”

Loud shouted Murat: “On, my friends,
We now will make attack,”
A moment more they out did spring.
“We do not courage lack.”

Soon carbines flashed and pistols glared,
Shrieks followed—all was din;
A voice then cried, it Hermann's was:
“Take men the prisoner in.”

But 'twas not heard. The deadly strife
Had ear for naught but shots
And clashes of the glittering swords,
Which falling, left red blots.

Sudden, like curtains drawn, the clouds
The moon's bright glare shut out,
And left the scene as dark as pitch,
And then arose a shout.

Meanwhile Theresa, left alone,
And safely out of harm,
With heart excited and afraid,
Cried out in wild alarm:

“Carl, oh Carl, come back to me,
Oh Carl, thou wilt be slain!”
No answer to the maid returns—
Her cries are but in vain.

As darkness fell, the fighting passed
Beyond the reach of ear,
All now was still save some night bird's
Wild note so loud and clear.

With terror rising in her breast,
The maiden rushed along,
And cried aloud: “Oh brother Carl,”
Which rang out clear and strong.

But no reply; unconscious she
Sank to the pitying ground,
And there she lay as if life were gone;
Night dews soft fell around,

And gently kissed her fevered brow,
Until she breathed again;
She rose, once more pursued her way,
Quite soon relieved of pain.

And now, above, the moon shone clear,
The dark clouds passed away,
A mellow light spread all around
As by the glow of day.

But all at once she heard a cry.
“Can that be friend or foe,
Or is it some wild animal
Must I answer—yes or no?”

She listened long; another came
To her wide open ears—
She now can understand the words,
'Tis “Theresa” plain she hears.

“A friend it is, thank heaven.” She cries
An answer loud and clear
And soon she hears Arcartez’s voice,
And then his footstep near.

“'Tis thee, Theresa; long and far
I’ve searched for thee to-night;
I thought in vain. It proves not so.
We’ll leave this place of fright.”

“Oh where is Carl?” the maid implores,

“Oh is he safe?” He said:

“Nay girl thy brother wounded is.

Come hasten to his aid;

“He hath received a dangerous wound

While acting in this fray;

My friends have brought him to an inn

Near by, where he doth lay.”

Theresa gave a stifled shriek.

“Come let us to him go.”

Arcartez then did lead the way,

With footsteps far from slow.

And to the inn not far away,

Arcartez led the girl

And soon she saw, with tear-filled eyes,

Faint—weak—her brother Carl;

A gaping sword wound in his breast.

His foes had left their stain,

Which e'en till death would follow him

Through all life's toil and pain.

The mountains high rise all around,

Romantic Heidberg's towers,

Beside a lake o'er whose expanse

The evening shadow lowers.

This is the seat of Carl's old race,

His own ancestral home,

His castle strong and safe retreat

From German robbers known.

Among these steeps the Poet meets
Imagination's sway,
And reads all nature like a book
While Fancy leads the way;

'Tis here the mountain breezes speak,
The cataract communes,
The mighty rocks strange stories tell,
The birds sing mystic tunes;

The Minnesinger lingers here
And inspirations breathe
Of records past, of legends old,
And grand productions wreath;

Ah Poet, Poet, it is here
Alstein the singer dwells,
Who in the sweetness of his notes
The Siren far excels.

But none have ever seen his face,
Though oft upon the wind,
His songs do float like softest down,
And heart and soul do bind.

When War is raging wild and mad
The Singer's notes ring loud,
And tell the tales of Charlemaine
And bravery's rare reward.

Again, when Peace its curtains drop,
Of lady's love sings he—
Of woman's love which rules the world—
Of woman's love rings free.

Carl was lying in the castle,
And his life was ebbing fast
Ebbing as the tides of ocean,
Softly as the breeze goes past.

By the bedside sate Theresa,
In her now accustomed place.

Low Carl gasped: "Oh ope the window,
Let the pure air fan my face."

Then he sank back quite exhausted;
When his sister did his wish
A bright smile lit up his features,
And his eyes closed under lash.

There he lay so calm, so peaceful,
Theresa stepping with foot light,
Thought her brother lost in slumber;
Had his spirit taken flight?

Leaning gently, soft she kissed him,
But she felt no breath returned,
—Felt his heart—it had ceased beating,
His soul was gone. She with pain burned.

"Carl, not dead." She fell beside him,
With her arms around his neck,
—'Round the form of her dear brother.
Hours passed on. We need not reck.

Slowly sank the sun in glory,
At the close of that fair day,
Resting on the highest summit;
—Still the girl and brother lay,

As if twined by Love's embraces,
And the breeze their light locks waved.
Heidberg ! hast thou lost thy mistress ?
Aye bold Tower will she be saved !

Slowly sank the sun in glory,
Giving to the mountains round
Golden hues of striking beauty,
Beauty—beauty so profound !

All is still. Ah Carl, Theresa,
This scene's closed unto thine eyes
Yet thou see'st one far more glorious
The sun-lit mounts of Paradise !

As the sun's rays disappeared
And gray twilight reigned so fair,
Rose a voice—it seemed of heaven
So sweetly trilled it on the air;

Listen, listen,—list, oh harken !
How entrancing runs the lay—
Is't an angel ? Ah, it must be,
Sure no mortal sings that way.

The air is filled—so soft, enchanting,
But how sad—the soul doth start;
Such notes thaw the hardest nature
And with pity melts the heart.

Rising to the vault of heaven,
Falling then on Heidberg's towers,
And as down floats from the eagle
O'er the death couch this lay lowers.

Such sweet melody—so lovely,
So heart binding, clear and free,
Ne'er was heard by mortal hearing,
Notes of so rich harmony.

Ah 'tis ceased. The lingering darkness
Now sinks gently over all,
And the night winds kiss the forehead
Of Theresa and her Carl.

Night passed by and brake the morning,
Bright the sun arose and fair;
Vassals found their maid and master,
Linked in Death's firm grasp so bare.

Sombre now arises Heidberg,
As a spectre of days passed;
Alone, deserted, left to ruin—
To the elements' fury cast.

Ne'er again Alstein the Singer,
Filled the mounts with minstrelsy,
In his stead loud cries the owllet
And the hawk fromh arm quite free.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

CANTO THE SECOND.

—o—

In Paris fair an Autumn day,
Breaks calmly, bright, serene;
Awake ! the gayest of the gay,
Let pleasure reign supreme;

Throw off the murky air of night,
And let the mournful thought
Avaunt thy breast—be happy now,
Of heavy care think not.

In peace this city is a place,
Like unto Paradise,
In war, a scene of mortal strife,
Fit for the demon's eyes.

But peace now reigns—and now gaze out
See Paris at its best,
See Paris now in royal robes,
The city of the blessed.

The sun 'rose high in his day's course;
I wander quite amazed,
Amidst displays, that, tempting me,
My brain with wonder's dazed.

Soon eve is come. A noble street
Of wond'rous charm, attracts
Me up its brilliant thoroughfare,
Of fashion, whirl and acts.

I wander on; soon such a crowd
Of carriage and of horse,
Obstruct the way, I can pursue
No farther on my course;

“Why this?” I asked a plumed guard,
He waved me back:—“The Prince
Of England now a visit tends
To Louis King of France.”

And 'twas quite true. A brilliant *fête*,
In preparation was,
To greet the heir of England's crown,
By etiquette laws.

The Palace entrance trimmed was
With banners, bright with show;
The park quite near with lanterns hung,
And all was now aglow.

Dukes, barons, with their wives,
Vicomtes,—the State of France,
Approach to pay their best respects
To England's glorious Prince.

The musketeers are seen about,
The guard they line the way.
And coaches come, stop and depart,
Their occupants do stay.

I very much am thrilled throughout,
To see this royal scene,
And very thankful am I too,
That 'fore me's not a screen.

Now all have passed,—the fete hath now
Put forth its regal 'ray;
A place 'tis not for common eyes;
No longer can I stay;

Just as I turn, a carriage swift,
Approaches like the wind,
—It halts,—three persons do alight;
I gaze with head inclined;

Why strange ! I am confused, mine eyes
Seem to mislead me quite,
—I rub them—strange—strange, do I dream?
No, no, my sense is right;

'Tis true. The three who late arrive,
I know, at least have heard—
King Charles the first, Arcartez next,
And Murat is the third.

They mount the steps and are received,
With honor and respect,
By Louis, King of France's realm,
And company elect.

“ Ah ! ah !” said Charles, “ a little late
We are.” “ Nay, speak not so.”
This King Louis laughing quoth,
And to him all bowed low.

Our heroes, handsomely looked they,
And vain 'twould be to seek
For three more handsome, finer formed,
Or rosier in the cheek;

The torrid clime hath left its stain
Upon their features, and
The ocean breezes oft, their locks
In playful mood expand;

Their blood with swifter ire doth flow,
Their eyes with spirit glows,
Their noble bearing like the stars,
A sort of radiance throws.

The eve passed on and noble men
Pressed our three travelers' hands;
Fair women smiled upon our friends,
Who came from distant lands.

“They say thou hast all countries seen,”
Said Dutchess de la Soile.
“Aye, rightly madame hast thou heard,”
Charles answered with a smile;

“O'er distant seas our course hath been,
In countries strange we've trod,
Great battles have we gazed upon,
Led by the hand of God.”

“Brave Chevaliers,” the Cuont de Brael
Said with a quite low voice,
“Of all the countries thou hast seen,
Which country is thy choice?”

“My choice is Spain,” Arcartez said,
And mine,” quoth Murat, “Greece.”
Charles answered, “Lo, the world is mine,
The world doth me most please.”

“The Prince,” here Louis did present;
The travellers low did bow,
To greet the heir of Angle-land,
Again they did bow low.

The scene passed on; the revelry
Increased, the dance was high;
Our friends with madames on their arms
Joined the festivity.

Mesdemoiselles they next did seek,
'Twas Charles the plan proposed,
The repast then, which ended all;
—The joy and mirth then closed.

The guests depart. Oh may the Peace,
Which France and England sign,
Forever end the wars which rend,
And give them joyous reign:

But 'tis too true that Thomas More's
Utopias are but dreams;
For the best we pray but our frail sight
Mistakes quite oft our schemes.

From Florence had our “Polos” come
To Paris,—they were met
By Louis, who had heard their fame,
And honors o'er them set.

Some days elapse; the three withdraw
From all society,
To rest from over-borne fatigue,
How gained we all can see.

“ You both,” said Charles, “ Do recollect
Our meeting first.” “ Ah quite,”
Arcartez said, “ ‘Tis six years since
Our fortunes did unite.”

“ Six years,” said Murat, with a sigh,
“ Since Carl was laid away,
Together with his sister, fair
Theresa—woeful day.”

“ The wings of thought sad mem’ries bring,”
Said Charles, and silence fell;
“ With coward Hermann fain would I,
My swordly action tell.”

“ I say my friends,” Arcartez quoth,
“ Make journey to Berlin,
Perchance we may this Hermann meet—
Leave sword marks on his skin.”

They all agreed the course they’d take,
Would be to German lands;
“ We should make speed.” “ Yes true we
must,
When France hath her demands.”

Invited are they out to *fetes*
Receptions, parties, they,
The first, accepted Duke Monpeire’s,
A soldier old and gray;

This soldier was a pleasant man,
Well famed in Spanish wars;
By land and sea his acts had shown
A brave man true he was.

Our friends became quite much attached
To Duke Monpeire, and he
Returned the love; much time they spent
In social company.

One day the Duke asked: "Friends, doth
play?"

Arcartez said:—"We do,
At least we have when in the mood
At Roulette, 'Noir and Loo.'"

"With what success?" Monpeire then asked;
Charles answered with a smile:
"Once I ten thousand ducats won,
—At Rome was I the while."

"What, what," exclaimed Monpeire, "In
Rome?"

"In Rome eight months ago,
Within the Corso," Charles replied,
"I cards and dice did throw."

"Tis now eight months since I, in Rome
Ten thousand ducats lost,"
Soliloquized Monpeire, "Eight months,
Since I my fortune tossed.

"By heaven let me grasp thy hand,
Thy hand, sir, it was I,
From whom thou won'st those ducats, I."

The Duke loud made reply;

"I wore a cloak of blueish tint,
And thou a mantle black—

Doth recollect!—ah true thou dost;
—I'll win my ducats back."

“‘Tis true, brave Duke,” said Charles,

“‘Though I,

Do not recall thy face—”

“Nor do I thine, thy beard is gone,

Which makes thee out of place.”

“It seems quite strange,” Arcartez quoth,

“That mutually, you both

Should not the other recollect.”

The Duke says with an oath:

“‘Tis no great matter, after all,

So let it pass; now we,

(If so you please) will make our way

Where we can play quite free.”

A coach is called—they hie away

And very soon they see

A noble building in a square,—

Distinguished to the three,

By Duke Monpeire whose hand he points.

“‘Tis here,” he says, “alight,

And enter in the gaming house

In which we’ll spend the night.”

The carriage stops before the house—

The steps they then ascend;

The Duke, a bell quite softly rings,

Which doth a signal send;

A moment more they enter in

An airy hall, but bare

Of ornament, then up a case

Of wide and spiral stair.

The Duke now says:—“ We'll enter here.”

—Two folding doors ope wide,
—They enter in—the doors behind,
With noiseless motion slide.

A gay saloon to view appears,
Our travelers to lodge;
So panelled is 't with mirrors clear,
That none its size can judge;

The ceiling oval, frescoed is
With masterpieces rare,
Which painted are, so finely, they
Appear unearthly fair;

Glass chandeliers, with brasses trimmed,
Hang ponderous, radiant,
And shed their light so soft yet clear,
To th' eye no pain is sent.

A Venus Milo greets us here,
A Juno, Cerès there,
While up above the Muses stand
In all their mythic air.

And Turkey hath his signet sent,
Which spreads in colors rare,
Beneath the tread which noiseless is,
Without the need of care.

Italian columns tower high,
As white as new fal'n snow,
Great folds of Eastern tapestry
Their finest fabrics show.

Divans invite the weary soul—
Reclining there, to breathe
The essence of ethereal peace,
All human cares to leave.

Five granite tables richly carved
In bas-relief, contain
The burning lamps of malachite,
Which send forth from their flame,

The rich perfume of Levantine,
Arising, spreading, wide
Throughout this grand saloon, by far
The seat of Paris' pride.

• Around with geometric care,
—Rosewood inlaid with gold,
Mahogany with silver cased—
Small tables, stars do mold.

Here games of chance in progress, do
Participants attract—
Here are arranged those games of luck,
Requiring nerve and tact.

While here are billiards, there are wheels,
And French society,
Thus do their fortunes interchange,
Quite oft excitingly.

Young pages fair the waiters are,
And noiselessly they fly,
With graceful mien and movements swift,
And this incessantly.

Monpeire and Charles a table take;
Arcartez and Murat
A cue apiece, to show their skill,
And billiards do they play.

“Wilt play at cards?” the Duke inquired.
“As sayest thou,” Charles said.
The ivory pack to them is brought,
With Bordeaux sparkling red.

The game begins—the stakes are small;
Charles wins—again—again;
The Duke his wagers heedless makes.
He does not win—in vain.

“Parbleu! ‘tis droll, I lose,” he says,
“With careful head thou play’st,
Which I have not. A thousand lost,
A thousand francs I say’st.”

But at one stake he wins what he
Has lost in all. “Ah! now
You win,” says Charles, “But spurt ahead—
Be not too overslow.”

Murat has lost and won three games
Of billiards from the Prince;
They saunter back—a divan take,
And clouds of smoke evince;
And gaze about; they faces see
Whom they before have seen;
They bow, shake hands, converse with them,
The movers of this scene.

A personage of high degree,
Stands looking at them, near;
He watches with an eagle's eye,
Their actions, with a sneer.

His stature tall, complexion dark—
A haughty air withal;
His eye the two doth keenly watch,
And on them hate lets fall.

Our friends note not the evil gaze,
That is upon them thrown,
And smoke and chat in graceful ease.
An enemy unknown?

This stranger soon withdraws and holds
A conference with a page,
Who disappears—returns—then both
In mystic whispering 'gage.

Two hours pass. Our two friends then,
No longer care to stay,
Whilst Charles and Duke Monpeire retain
Their seats for further play.

The page, who with the stranger spoke,
Escorted to the street,
Procured a coach for the two friends,
And saw them in the seat,

And closed the door. The coach drives on.
In low tone they converse.
“We, for a good sound rest to-night,
Will not feel aught the worse.”

“I feel quite faint,” Arcartez says,
“Because within this car.”

The air is burning hot—the doors
And windows tight closed are.

Arcartez feels a throbbing pain
Across his forehead, which
Is also felt by Murat too,
Whose brow with pain doth twitch.

The air is dense and all at once
Their brains seem all aflame;
Arcartez sinks with senses gone,
And Murat does the same.

The coach rolls on with swiftest pace
Without the city’s wall,
Far in the country. Day soon breaks,
And still their senses loll.

A forest through the road doth lead;
A castle soon they reach,
On whose high battlement is perched,
A crow which loud doth screech.

The moat is crossed, the drawbridge down,
Portcullis high is drawn;
The coach halts in the castle yard,
An hour after dawn.

Within the castle’s gloomy vaults,
The prisoners are placed,
Their captor’s pleasure to await,
If he their fate hath traced.

The hour arrives; within a hall
(The council chamber named)
They met the chief—their captor bold.
“Ah! Hermann!” both exclaimed.

The hall with swordsmen is filled full—
A circle they form there,
And on a platform sits the chief,
His sentence to declare.

Beside him sits a maiden young,
His daughter Margarete;
A nymph of Paradise is she,
So gentle and so sweet.

She gazes with a wondering eye
Upon the scene she sees—
Two prisoners, perhaps to die
Doth much her heart unease.

She sees her father's brow grow dark,
As his eyes the captives seek—
He is about to rise—he stops—
A voice to him doth speak:

“Ah! Hermann!” says Arcartez, “I
Do recognize thy face—
Indeed 't would do mine honor wrong,
Thy countenance to misplace;
“But how, St. Cloud are we so ta'en
'Gainst honor's virtuous laws?
—By spies transferred—by drugs and arts,
Into the Lion's claws?

“Why should a Count lay traps for us,
Whose swords would cross with thine
In honored strife? ah! thou’rt afraid
To cross thy steel with mine!”

“Peace! peace! thou blabber!” cries the
Count,
“I’m lord within these walls—
Thy fate lies on my slightest word—
And death will be my calls.”

“But why this outrage,” Murat cries,
“Why forced within your power?
But answer make to my demands!”
—His brow, with rage, doth lower.

“Forget what happed in German lands,
But six short years ago?
Thy mem’ry’s short,” the Count replies,
With words both stern and slow;

“Doth see this arm!—no hand is there—
’Tis severed at the wrist,
And by a cause for which I hold
Thee guilty,” St. Cloud hissed.

His arm was bared and held aloft—
’Twas handless. “Ah! you say
The sword of Carl did leave me thus,
But thou the forfeits pay;

“Revenge I’ll have ‘though all the world,
Should’st interfere in this;
And prove thee that a German Count,
Doth ne’er his vengeance miss.”

“What! mean’st thou that without defense
We’ll die?” Arcartez said.

“Thou say’st thy sentence,” Hermann said,
“But brave men have no dread.”

—A silence deep fell o’er the hall,
When: “Mercy, sire, I pray
For these thy captives,” Margarette
These words did softly say.

“Nay, girl! Away, thou know’st not this;
I doom them to their fate.

By heav’n I searched the world for them!”
And gleamed his eyes with hate.

“Now daughter leave. ’Tis not for thee
To linger o’er this scene;
Thou and thy maids had best retire,
And seek thy chamber’s screen.”

She did obey her sire’s command,
But not without a look
Of pity, on the prisoners two,
As she departure took.

The Count now turns and hotly says:
“Thy death shalt pay the due
Of Carl’s great insult unto me.
Thou’lt die! Thou’lt die”—

“Stop you!
And dar’st thou, Hermann, bring the name
Of Carl before this seat
Of judgment, if it is so called!”
—Their eyes do fiercely meet—

“And yet thou bear’st a noble name,
‘Brave Hermann,’ yet yourself
You are a coward true at heart,
A traitor, outlaw, pelf !”

The Count’s eye glows with fiercer fire;
This speech cuts to the heart;
He hears his honor rated low;
He throbs, his nostrils start:

“Aye, Hermann, dost thou truly say,
And proudly I repeat,
Of lineage which Charlemagne
Himself, can but compete !

“What! dar’st thou now unfold to me
An insult such as this!
Away! ye guards, to dungeon walls
Till death doth them dismiss !”

The Count’s dark face hath lost its hue
Of natural color, and
With rage and passion, purple streaks,
Upon his brow do stand;

He waves his hand with furious sway;
The guards step to obey.
Arcartez, low, to Murat says:—
“Now quick—the time—away !”

With movements fleet as Sol’s bright beams
Take current into space,
They’d wrenched two swords from vassals’
sheaths,
That stood near, in their place.

“On! on!” Arcartez fiercely cried,

“Now freedom lies ahead.”

“By heav’n it doth, and two like we
Must gain it.” Murat said.

Their swords deal deadly blows around,

Four guards by Murat fall,

And three beneath Arcartez’s hand.

“On! on!” doth Murat call.

They ply their steels with might and main;

In vain! outnumbered, they

Are taken, wounded; back they fall,

A bleeding, helpless prey.

A week of time’s resistless tide

Moves onward; still no trace

Is heard of either of the two.

Charles wears a serious face.

“I shall commence to search for them,”

He says, “Duke, wilt thou aid?”

“Parbleu I will,” Monpeire rejoins,

“As far’s my power’s laid;”

And then he asks:—“Have they foes here,

That thou dost know, could’st tell,

If thou the names should’st hear pronounced?

Work up thy memory well.”

“They have no foes, but they were mine,

No friends but I had claim;

We live as one—loves, hatreds, all

In like directions aim.”

“No enemy then—” “Can Hermann be”—

“Who’s Hermann! pray speak out—”

“Can’t be that Hermann’s with us here

In Paris? ’s blood I doubt!”

“Who’s Hermann! Speak,” Monpeire then
cries.

—“A Count in German lands,
Our foe to death, our only foe
That’s had blood from our hands.”

Charles then the story did relate,
What happed six years before,
On Heidberg’s ground, of Hermann, and
His treachery gone before;

The story all, he did relate
Of Hermann of St. Cloud;
Of Carl, the ’fray, and all that passed:
“He calls for vengeance loud.”

The Duke heard with attentive ear.
“There is,” he said, “a man
I know not well, but ’ve merely seen,
That’s like the Count you scan;

“He is a sort of mystery here,
And I have rumors heard,
That he hath bought a castle near
To Paris——”

“ ’Tis absurd!

Count Hermann can’t be here in France.”

“This man hath no right hand
If my faint mem’ry fails me not—
That ’specially I scanned.”

“By heaven ‘tis Cloud!” Charles shout ed out
 “ He’s handless, as you say.
 ’Tis he this mischief hath cut up.
 We will to search. Away!”

By Monpeire’s influence do they find
 Where Hermann’s castle stands;
 Charles sets to work his friends to free,
 From out the Lion’s hands.

* * * * *

’Tis morning; and the inky shrouds
 Of night have passed away,
 And Phœbus’ car dispels the gloom
 And glorious breaks the day.

Along a lonesome road, a Monk
 Is traveling and a psalm
 Dwells on his lips as on he goes,
 And show a spirit calm.

The road on through a forest leads,
 Beneath whose leafy shade,
 Naught breaks the stillness of the hour,
 Except sounds nature made.

Erstwhile the Monk sits down to rest,
 Or paused as he took
 A quaff of Earth’s most precious drink,
 From out the rippling brook;

Sudden a sound meets his quick ear,
 And in the distance, he
 Discerns a horseman dashing on—
 A Knight of Chivalry;

The rider halts as near he draws.

“Friend Monk, what do ye here?
There be no sinners in these parts;
Back, back to Paris steer.”

“Ah friend, perhaps I’ve ’ready found
A sinner, and I’ll preach
To you, if you but stay and list,
If I none else can reach.”

“Sir Friar, turn thy steps away,
And leave this forest’s gloom;
Thy life in danger really is;
I warn thee of thy doom.”

“Friend Knight, I set my life at naught,
And glean from what you say,
That sinners lurk in every bush.
My vows then make me stay.”

“But Monk, ye know not who I am,
And I, sir, you command,
Retrace your steps, for I alone,
Am owner of this land;

“And if I do seek Church’s aid
A monastery, I
Will here erect within my realms,
Which will repentance cry.”

“I think I know thee, Chevalier,”
—The Monk gazed at him bold—
“Thy name is Hermann and thine heart
Is black as night I’m told.”

“Perhaps, Monk, what you say is true,
But holy as you are,
No hand of mine 'gainst thee I'll raise,
But bid thee wander far

“From my estate, for as I say
No need have I of thee,
And if I do religion want,
I'll hire my ministry.

“There is some gold, alms for the poor;
Now backward thy course steer,
For I have ordered guards to watch
And bar all strangers here.”

“Sir Knight, if thou wilt but dismount,
And kneel the ground upon,
I'll pray for all thy wicked host,
And deem my duty done;

“And then contented will I go,
My heart and conscience clear;
The prayer is short, but will be heard
On High, so have no fear.”

The Knight dismounted, and his steed
Stood steadfast, while he knelt
Upon the turf beside the road,
Unloosening first, his belt.

But scarce had he bent on his knees,
When 'round his neck, was placed
A muscled hand of iron grip—
A prisoner firm incased.

The Monk a sword held at his throat.

“I know thee, Hermann, and
Thou soon wilt recollect me, too,
When I give thee command.”

“What doth this mean,” Count Hermann
gasped,
As forced upon his back,
The Monk’s left knee upon his breast,
He was held as in a rack.

“It means that in your castle, you
Have, prisoners, dungeoned deep
Two friends of mine. This answers all,
And I their freedom seek.”

“Oh fool was I to trust a Monk!”
—“You must an order make
To grant these captives instant leave,
Departure free to take.”

“And who art thou!” “My name is Charles—”
“By heaven I know thee now;
Thy hated face comes back to me—
No never’ll I allow,

“Thy comrades to escape their doom.”
“I then will force thee too.”
A struggle followed, but Charles bound
The Count from top to toe.

“Now Hermann I will play thy part;
I am about thy size,
I’ll speak like you and so, go to
Your castle in disguise;

“I’ll leave you bound here hand and foot
Your cries hushed so that aid
Will be cut off; then I will free
The prisoners you have made.”

He dressed himself in Hermann’s garb,
Well covered up his face,
And mounted the impatient steed,
And rode with furious pace,

Up to the castle gate; all bowed
And stepped to do his will,
Which with stern gestures did he give.
“If they knew, me they’d kill.”

Charles played his part with cautious mien,
Spoke briefly as he could;
But when he met fair Margarette
Confusedly he stood.

“Why, father surely you are pale;
Hath conscience wrought this change?
So white you are that scarce I’d know,
You were my sire—’tis strange.”

She then, before he could prevent,
Her arms ’round him did twine;
She gave a shriek: “Who, who are you,
You are no sire of mine!”

Charles waved his hand: “Disperse ye all!
My daughter’s mad—I’ll ’tend
Alone, her wants.” The crowd obeyed
The order he did send.

He grasped the girl in his embrace,
His hand her cries did curb,
And bore her through an open door
And shut it. None did disturb.

“Now silence” said he firmly, “I
Am desperate and thy life
I’ll take fair one if need there be
To save mine arm from strife.”

He then did whisper in her ear,
The reason he was there;
Told how disguised he came to be,
To grant his friends free air;

The terror-stricken maid heard all.

“Your sire is safe and I
Will swear to harm him not when my
Friends are at liberty;

“I thee must bind to save myself,
For I’ll not be betrayed,
And must this day my friends set free;
I will not be delayed;

“I must not let you say a word,
For I must act the part
In which I came, molested not,
And then will I depart;

“You see, sweet maid I mean no harm
To thee or to thy lord;
I swear by all the vows of heav’n
That I will keep my word;

“‘Gainst thee I do no violence mean,
But doth my safety lie
In being taken for thy sire,
Which act I carefully.”

The maiden grew less terrified
As she his words did hear,
Her nerves grew calm—all fears had passed;
A faint smile did appear

Upon her face but late alarmed.
She understood it all.

Here is a man who honor and
Rare bravery can call;

Who risks his life to save his friends,
Forcing his way among
The direst foes to do that act;
His praise in her heart, rung.

Her lips were freed, and thus she spoke:
“Oh noble sir, I’ll not
Betray you, but I’ll lend my aid
In carrying out your plot.

“You are the bravest man that e’er
I’ve seen my whole life through;
Fain would I gaze upon thy face—
Wilt thou grant me a view?”

Full trust had Charles in Margarette,
He then did bare his head;
She looked upon his handsome face,
And blushed as she said:—

“Oh may I kiss this hand of thine
Which seeks thy friends to free
From out my father’s wicked hand,
Which sure I know is he;

“For deep into the castle’s hold
Hath he the prisoners placed,
To famish on till death relieves
Them from their cells incased.”

“But now,” said Charles, “I must with speed,
Deliver them, and you
Must act as guide, and show the way,
And tell me what to do.”

She clasps his arm. “Oh proud am I,”
She says, “To be an aid,
Although perhaps you’d did as much,
If I had you betrayed.”

Charles gave an order to the guards,
The prisoners to take
Into a private room, where he,
To them the news will break;

Arcartez and Murat are brought
From their deep dungeon cells;
Their faces haggard, faint their limbs,
Which want and famine tells.

But soon they know that they are free,
That Charles hath made them so;
No longer must they pine away,
Death gaining on them slow.

“We must away,” says Charles, “For 'tis
But danger here to stay;
A swift departure from these walls,
Is our best course—away!”

But Margarette first gives them food,
Then horses she had brought
All saddled as if for a race.
Then Charles, aside, she sought:

“Oh sir, I see within thy face
Resemblance strong to one,
Whom once I loved with all my heart,
E'er childhood days were done;

“Oh tell to me thy name—where first
Thou saw'st the light of day?
Did'st thou e'er lose a girlish love?
Oh, truly tell me, pray.

“Oh tell me truly so that I
May know thee and be sure
Thou art, or art not my lost love
Whom chance made insecure.”

Charles looked in her entreating eyes,
When all at once he stared—
His eye grew wild—he nearly fell—
His brain seemed all afared!

A vision flashed bright in his mind,
He uttered low a name,
A boyhood picture 'rose before
His eye; he could not frame

The scene that to his mind was formed.

“Thy name—thy name!” cries he;
A sudden light looms on her face—
Ah! she is fair to see.

She makes reply: “My name is not
The name of Margarette;
My name is Hesa and am forced
To be the daughter sweet

“Of Hermann, whom I do abhor
More than my tongue can tell.
And thou, and thou art Charles of old—
My memory serves me well.

“Tis many years since we did love,
In childhood’s happy hour.”
He pressed a kiss upon her lips,
As he his head did lower.

Sudden she said:—“We must away,
And with your two friends fly
From out the danger that lurks here.
Prepare we instantly.”

The four did mount and ride away;
The vassals that did see
Their supposed lord thus act so strange
Could but astonished be.

Charles drew the rein upon the spot
Where Hermann he had left;
A sight of horror met his gaze—
A man whose throat was cleft

Lay in the road. It was St. Cloud.

A sword lay at his side.

“Whose deed is this,” Arcartez said.

“Just heaven’s,” Charles replied.

And Hesa o’er the Count did bend.

His breath was almost gone.

“Oh! pitying angels mercy have

This sinner’s soul upon.”

“Forgive—forgive my wicked deeds—

Oh maiden—” Hermann gasps;

“I do, I do,” she utters low,

And ’round him her arms she clasps.

All silent are; a moment more

His soul had passed away;

Had that repentance been in time?

The One on High must say.

“Ah, friends all safe!” a voice says near.

All turn; and Duke Monpeire,

With sword in hand, and smiling face

They see, and at him stare.

The Duke adds: “It was I who made

The corpse that you see here,

For I an expert swordsman am,

And know no name for fear;

“I found him bound beneath that tree—

At first I heard a moan—

I knew ’twas Hermann; I loosed him—

He fell without a groan.”

“But sir you did advantage have,
This man had no right hand,
And he was stiff while you were fresh,”
Said Charles and then he scanned,

With rising anger Duke Monpeire,
Who was astonished quite,
To hear what he deemed a good deed,
Thus spoken of in spite.

“But Charles he was your direst foe,”
The Duke made haste to state.

“No reason is it then that you
Should him assassinate!”

Charles then did leap from off his steed,
His sword was drawn, and he
Made charge against the Duke and said:
“Defend yourself from me.”

“What meaneth this!” the other said.

“It means I’ll vengeance give
For that dead Count’s most unjust death—
You, coward, die or live.”

Their swords are crossed—the steel’s sharp
points
Move whistling through the air;
Two skillful duelists are they both,
In every turn matched fair.

The combat raged, when all at once,
The Duke held up his sword;
“I am a coward!” low he said;
Charles did not hear the word,

In time to save the fatal thrust
Which passed through Monpeire's breast;
The Duke fell back, a smile upon
His features, as at rest.

“Thou art the noblest man that e'er
I have acquaintance made,
For honor pure is thy life's law;”
Monpeire's last words were said.

Death's hour is the time when all repent,
When all look back and see
The wicked lives which they have led,
'Gainst virtue's laws so free.

When one feels death doth o'er him creep,
His heart is opened wide;
He doth forgive the wrongs did him,
E'er life away doth glide.

He summons up his evil deeds,
And truly, pardon, prays
From all who wrong from him have felt
In all his lifelong days.

In one brief moment all his sins
Arise before his eyes;
Forgive my ills—forgive my wrongs
He gasps before he dies.

Now, since we know not when we may
This Fiend of Death confront,
Is it not best to be prepared,
And meet him front to front?

And have our faults all borne in mind,—
The wrongs did us forgiven—
Bear ill and hatred none against,
And from our thoughts be driven?

This is the secret law of life,
To prosper is our aim—
This is the only way to 'rise
True honor to attain.

'Twas where famed Venice sate in state,
'Throned on her hundred isles,'
The city of the wat'ry streets,
It's splendor on us smiles;

Where grand St. Mark our wonder calls,
It's marble turrets high;
Where Commerce once ruled half the world,
And Power sate proud on high.

The fair Rose of the southern clime,
The Adriatic's Queen!
Whose argosies brought Croesus' wealth,
To add unto her gain.

But list! soft music on the air,
Floats like a balmy sigh—
The sweet refrain of gondoliers
Mounts upward to the sky.

Oh! Land of Song—thee Italy!
Thy notes to me are sweet—
Thy harmony doth reach the heart
As slow the time is beat.

A marble palace rises from
The wave. A feast is held—
A marriage feast—beneath its dome,
Where Doges long have dwelled;

The daintiest viands of the south,
And wines of eldest stamp,
With fruits fresh from the reaper's hands,
Spread 'neath the table's lamp.

So Charles is wed. Again he will
Dwell 'neath his father's roof,
No more to roam midst various climes,
Whose scenes he'll hold aloof.

'Twas years before when Hesa, he
Had met in boyhood's hour;
They saw and loved with passion strong,
But Fate's stern hand did lower,

And took away the maid from him;
He sighed and wandered on,
But found no trace of his lost bride,
Till Fortune's smile came down.

So Charles is wed. And his two friends
Sate at the marriage board;
They saw as happy union there
As e'er was on record.

Oh true and holy is that love
Though separation parts,
Which burns as brightly as when first
The net did bind those hearts.

As Hugo saith, love is a breath
Of the soft winds of Heaven,
A respiration of the air
Of Paradise o'erdriven.

So Charles is wed; and to his friends,
Arcartez and Murat,
Did wave a deep and fond adieu,
And to them did he say:

“Oh, friends—nay brothers—you, to me,
Of my existence, seem
To be a part; and I, of you,
A part my heart doth deem.

“Is Friendship but a passion sweet,
A fond sensation brief,
Which fades as years do onward roll,
And 's blown like autumn's leaf?

“Nay, Friendship's like those mountain
peaks,
Which gaze each other on,
And have a base which withstands age,
And years add strength upon;

“Contending tempests may sweep by
And vapors close around,
Thick clouds may fall and dim the view
And thunders loud resound,

“But these are interludes, which soon
A glorious sun dispels,
And seem more dear, when once again,
Clear light, their beauty tells.

“So Murat and Arcartez, I
Extend a fond adieu.
Farewell, farewell, my memory deep
Will ever dream of you!”

And part they did; and Venice saw
The parting of our friends;
'Twas sad perhaps, but for the best.
Will Time e'er make amends?

Will our three heroes meet again?
Can Future's vail be drawn,
And now foretell events to be,
E'er yet the day shall dawn?

Time's horoscope will not disclose,
But wanderers on the Sea,
Perchance may meet in climes, which they
No thought had e'er to be;

Life's rudder lost, the storms make us
The buffets of the wind;
We move and onward ever go,
And oftentimes Fate is kind,

And e'er we know we scenes pass through,
Which we before had known,
And visions rise and forms take life,
Which had from memory flown.

But here my song must end its lay;
The minstrel's harp doth rest
Its music; and the wavelets sigh
To Hesperus in the West.

Oh star! gleam gently o'er my sleep.
Lend sweet dreams to the fair,
That when they 'wake their thoughts may be
As pure as thy beams there.

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.

CANTO THE THIRD.

—o—

Byzantium ruined, there arose
The new Rome's capital farther east—
The city Constantine did claim,
And all his mighty power invest.

Did the 'Eternal City' lose
The name which she had always borne?
Nay, nay—but *one* Rome could exist
And wear the crown which she had worn.

And St. Sophia cannot quell
St. Peter's dome, which gilds the sky
Of a more Christian atmosphere,
Than doth around the New Rome lie.

The 'City of the Sultans' sprung
Like Phœnix, from the ashes strewn
Of the Magarian's remains;
Did they e'er dream the seed they'd sown?

And Stamboul sank and there arose
Constantinople, royal, grand—
She held her sway till Saracens
Laid low her pride with conquering hand.

The Moslems gained the city's wall,
The Janizaries won the day,
The Turk's Bell's ring through Europe, was
But fruitless though all men did pray.

Mohammed's followers reared their creed
In this fair city of the East,
The Koran ruled and spread its sway,
And Christian power waned, then ceased.

And Bithynia's son now saw enthroned
The Moslem faith, in this the land
Which he had founded. Was't not right
To fall to his descendant's hand?

And the Bosphorus, like a glass
Reflects the gilded minarets,
The Gold Horn sends her glories back
And doubly off her beauty sets;

And oh, the oriental blue
That paints the distant sea and sky—
You feel its tint, so rich and deep—
None other clime doth such supply.

Afar, Olympus' snow capped peak
Uprises, and doth lend an eye,
As if to guard the Sultan's peace,
And warn when danger lurketh nigh.

A thousand masts rise to the view,
And the Propontis' wave doth bear
Upon its rocking breast, vast hulks—
All nations, here do send a share.

On thro' the wave, with Greek ensign
('Tis blue and crossed with bars of white)
A graceful, swift *felucca* sails,
And forms a pretty, charming sight.

It anchors; and from forth it, steps
Two forms, which are ahead of all—
Arcartez first and Murat next;
You, now, I see, their miens recall.

In Greek apparel are they 'rayed,
Which doth become their 'pearance well;
Two men are they who would attract
The gaze wherever they did dwell.

Constantinople greets them with
A smile of hospitality;
Amid the cypress grove they take
Their ease while in this place they stay.

They stories tell of ventures, far
Beneath the burning Afric sun,
Leagues up the Nile's unending course—
Amidst the desert have they run;

Thence through Arabia's barren waste
To Mecca, Jiddath, Aden and
Along that wild and southern shore,
Until at Muscat they touch land;
(5)

They fight the savage of the plain,

They brave the dangers of the deep,
Escape, by chance, a thund'rous storm
In Oman's gulf—make perilous leap

For life, which is too dear to lose,

From ship on fire far out at sea,
Cling to a raft for days and nights,
Until at last they rescued be;

Then through the Persian Gulf they sail

To Basca on the Euphrates;
At length, by fighting dangers dread,
Aleppo shelters them in ease;

The Mediterranean soon they view,

And touch at Cyprus, Candia and
The Isles of Greece; Ægean winds
Now waft them to the Turkish strand;

Dardanelles' armed strait they pass,

To fair Marmora's restless wave,
And Istamboul receives with smiles
And pleasure, our two heroes brave.

And so repose they, mid the grove,

Beneath Scutari's looming height,
And dream the history of the scenes,
Which these fair hills have held in sight.

Hath Mankind gained by the slain,

That fell 'neath Moslem scimeter?

—Hath the Mohammedan faith declined?

Hath Christian cowed the 'Moslem cur'?

‘Our Faith is great,’ we say, ‘and theirs
 Is forced by tyrant’s ironed hand—
 They are unschooled,’ we add, ‘Obey
 In ignorance their law’s command.’

What, forced! ‘Why, yes,’ we make reply,
 ‘Mohammedan’s creed is one of iron—
 They die when told—without a word.’
 —Doth glory such a death environ?

Does that word ‘Force’ mean, what we take
 As meaning, just the same to them?
 —That word the same as Faith is, in
 The Moslem Koran’s diadem.

Religion is a Forward Look
 Beyond this present Earthly life,
 Across the dark Abyss of Death;
 It is for this that men hold strife.

We can but die for any cause,
 (Who dies for naught is poor indeed,)
 For Faith, Love, Country, Hope and Home—
 In these we for Religion bleed.

The Christian pure, the Pagan true
 Fears not the sting of grasping Death;
 But why is this? one’s right, one’s wrong
 We say. Each sect hath that Look—Faith.

If in the Idol of the Ind,
 The Pagan sees he will be saved,
 He *will* be saved—and lives a life,
 Which to his eye his conscience paved;

If in the God the Christian holds
 His after-life secure, secure
He *is*—and as a guide to him
 His conscience leads him through life pure ;

That soul is safe that hath as guide
 A Conscience that will lead him on,
—In that alone put all thy trust,
 Thou need'st not fear thy Maker's con.

But stay; I've thus philosophized
 To my mind's logic—I am young,
So dwell but lightly on my words,
 From an inexperienced brain they've
 sprung ;

I often read and as result
 I sometimes think; 'tis well my friend
Observe and judge all sides and then
 Your last impartial judgment send.

Forget the outward 'pearance, and
 But gaze *within* with searching sight—
Look toward the motive, not the act—
 Thus will ye form a judgment right.

'Tis morning; and the breezes from
 Olympus' steeps now fan the face;
Constantinople is aroused
 And all is life in this fair place.

All nations do make up the tide
 Of people that flit to and fro;
All countries represented are
 In this vast stream; some stay, some go.

In the Bazaar there lingers long,
The human denizens of climes
Far to the west—France, England, Spain,
Leagues from the Christian Church's
chimes.

Within the mart of flesh and blood,
Where slaves change hands, and stronger
bind
Their serfdom, we will turn thine eye
And Murat and Arcartez find.

Here lurk the pirates with their wares
Of human souls, and offer sale,
To highest bidder youth and age,
White, brown and black, male and female.

“Arcartez,” said Murat, “Doth see
That lovely youth chained to the wall?
I’ faith he’s handsome and I’d swear
He could not eighteen summers call.”

“Yes,” said the other, “I have watched
That youthful slave and fain would I
Make purchase of so sweet a lad
And end his sad captivity.”

“Thou’st spake my mind e’en as myself
Was to make utterance to you,
To buy this captive’s too-young fate
And grant him liberty to go.”

In the slave market’s furthest end,
Lay bound the youth they had in view;
Slight was his frame, accustomed ill,
To live in serfdom his life through.

He seemed of gentle birth and breed;
His face was fair, but agony
Did show of tortures he had borne,
Whilst in his forced captivity;

The hand is small, the leg is lithe,
That skin proclaims of Northern birth;
The eye is blue, the forehead high,
And shows the absence long, of mirth.

The naked breast shows scars and stripes,
Which are the marks of cordy lash,
But these the Master covers up,
E'er yet begins the sale for cash.

The Master tall and stern is he,
As black as night ere rise of moon;
The pupils of his glistening eyes,
For buyers, search the breadth of room.

He sells three girls, (oh, sad their fate)
For prices which do please him well;
An old man next, a trifling sum
For aged flesh doth poorly sell.

The lad remains yet to be sold;
As yet no buyer could be found
Who'd pay the price upon him laid;
A slave like him not oft is bound.

Sweet youth is dear, yet can be bought.
In the slave-markets of the East—
Yes, bought for gold, to own, abuse
Till death, in pity, doth release.

Up to the Master steps a Turk;
His turban shields a wicked head;
His piercing eyes inquire the price,
That is upon the captive laid;

The youthful prisoner gives a moan,
When he perceives this purchaser
About to buy. A cry escapes
His pallid lips. He dare not stir.

“Five thousand pieces gold,” he hears;
“He’s mine—the dog.” The Turk takes
from
His silken girdle, a fat purse
And on the white slab lays it down.

“Hold,” said Arcartez, “make no sale,
Till I have for him made a bid.”

“Thou Christian cur!” the Turk burst forth,
“We will soon of thy presence rid.”

“The seller is the one to say,”
Arcartez made reply, and stern;
The Turk’s fierce brow did darker grow
With anger did his black eyes burn.

The Master paused and did he say:
“The highest bidder takes the lad.”

He saw large profit rise before
His gluttony eyes—wished more he had.

With insolent air’s the Turk’s demand,
And scanning with his fiery eyes,
And with a lofty mien withal,
Which shows he does our friends despise:

“What dost thou bid, thou Christian cur?”
“Six thousand pieces,” saith our friend.
A fiendish smile Al Hara wears
And gaze of hatred doth he bend
Upon Arcartez and Murat;
“Six thousand pieces gold—rich thou,
I’m richer though, and make it seven.”
—Arcartez whispered Murat low.—
“Aye, whisper whether best thou think’st
Thou can’t outbid my purse of gold,”
The Turk Al Hara sneering hissed
And calmly did his arms enfold.
“Eight thousand—” “Nine—” “Ten—”
“Twelve—” “Thirteen—”
A moment’s pause—“Fourteen I say.”
“Fifteen,” Al Hara quick returns;
And wicked smiles on his lips play.
—“Sixteen!” Arcartez slowly says.
—“And Twenty!” thunders back the Turk,
“By Ali’s heart thou art out-bid.”
And Triumph o’er his brow doth lurk.
'Tis true; Arcartez is out-bid;
His purse more money cannot call;
The youthful slave he cannot claim;
A glance of pity he lets fall
Upon the lad—the cruel doom
That waited him, and one so young.
“Thou’rt far less rich than first I thought,”
Al Hara said and then he flung

Victorious eyes upon the two,—
“I’m richer than the both of you.”
He then did gaze upon the lad,
And glance of Ownership he threw.

Around had gathered a small clan,
To watch this quite exciting scene;
And there did stand a Persian Prince,
Who wore a countenance serene.

From castle in Teheran, he
Was reared in Irak-Ajemi.
The eldest born, as Padishaw
He next would Persian throne mount high.

He watched within the slave mart, and
Saw Murat and Arcartez pause;
No more they’d bid for that fair slave;
The Prince did understand the cause.

He stepped up to Arcartez and
In Grecian tongue (he was well versed
In various language) quickly said:
“We will this Turk’s fat pocket burst.”

He whispered low to our two friends,
And added: “I am rich and will
Help you to purchase this fair lad.
Bid; bid, I will thy pocket fill.”

Our comrades thank the noble Prince
And friends are they at the first glance;
The Prince’s person breeds full trust.
The Turk’s eye darts a lightning lance;

He partly understands, and with
 Quick movement, payment doth he make
 To the slave dealer--'tis in time.

The merchant doth the pieces take,
 And sale is made ere our dear friends
 Can use the Prince's gracious aid;
 The lad is lost—they bid in vain,
 The Turk hath sealed the bargain made.

“Unbind the dog,” Al Hara saith;
 'Tis done—the lad belongs to him;
 On this youth will he vent his spite
 Against all Christian flesh with vim.

He turns to quit the market's hall
 But first he to Arcartez speaks,
 —A moment's silence falls around,
 Then thus, the pause Al Hara breaks:

“Thou son of the accursed race,
 Thou Western mongrel think'st that thou
 Could'st cheat a Moslem of that, which
 He set'st his mind upon? And now,

“Be damned till the Hegira lose
 Its meaning which will never be,
 —Mohammed, Ali, Abu Bekr
 Blast all thy future destiny!

“This tender flow'r of Christian breed
 Is mine—is mine—is all mine own!
 Thou fain would'st buy of me, but that
 I would not sell 's already known.”

And then Al Hara struck the lad,
With his clenched fist across the brow,
Then dragged the tott'ring youth out toward
The mart's exit with pace not slow.

“By all the fiends of earth and air
This is more than my sight can stand,
—What e'er results from my rash act
I'll face both law and vengeance's hand,”

Arcartez shouted, and he grasped
His sword, which had seen use before,
And then rushed wildly on the Turk,
And felled him full length to the floor,

With the steel's tip, which blood draws from
The center of the Moslem's heart,
Which oozes in a furious stream.

That eye hath gleamed its lastest dart,
That lip hath ceased its eviled curse,
That arm is stayed which held its wont
To wage against all Christian flesh,
And urge its warfare front to front.

That soul were black we Christians say,
Mohammed's creed shows it were white.
Ah, strange the Moslem Night is Day!
Ah, strange the Moslem Day is Night!

Their hatred 's love—their love is hate.
In Death they see a stated hour
Which is writ on the page of Fate
By spirits of the unseen power.

Arcartez turns unto the lad:

“Make thine escape while time there is.”
And cuts the cords which bind his hands;
The youth sees freedom true is his,

And makes exit into the street
And vanishes among the crowd,
And free he is—no one can claim
Nor 'gainst his actions raise a word.

Murat rushed up to his friend and
Said: “Fly, fly, dangerous 'tis to wait
And meet result of this rash deed.”
“Make haste,” the Persian Prince did state.

Arcartez turned and smiling, said:
“Nay, ne'er I'll flee—” “Friend for sake,
Make thine escape,” Murat implored.
“I will since thou such pressure make.”

Arcartez turned to quit the hall,
But now, alas, it is too late,
The Sultan's guards lay hands on him,
And bear him to the Seraglio gate.

'Tis useless to resist, and he
Is forced through the Seraglio gate;
His life lies on the Sultan's word—
The lightest word that he doth state.

Three lower judges hear the case,
As stated by Al Hara's friends,
(Arcartez cannot say a word)—
The trio to the Sultan bends,

And make their explanation full,
Of how Al Hara met his death
By a vile hand which for no cause,
So wildly, did his sword unsheathe.

The Sultan hears—then furious grows;
He pulls his beard of snow white hue,
And chokes with rage; then, at a slave
An onyx bowl, with true aim threw;

His harem favorite he cuffed
A ringing blow across the ear,
Then slapped his Vizier's quite large mouth
When he did from the judges hear.

He raved, he fumed—the air was blue
With oaths, from which e'en the Genii
Would shrink and start and perhaps think,
Mahomet's curse were in that cry.

He ripped his silken pantaloons,
Upturned a basin of that pure
Attar of roses on the tiles.
Rage did his royal soul immure.

The servants fly, they deem him mad,
The judges are about to flee,
When, with his large and mighty palm,
He strikes their pates, and then roars he:

“Know'st thou that I will give such death
To this miscreant of Christian blood,
Deggial's mind will be outdone
By me, as vengeance call I loud.

“ By th’ souls of all my former race,
Who dwell in lands beyond the Sun,
I’ll raise such tortures on this dog,
Th’ world ne’er’ll forget the deed he’s done.

“ Now bring this cur before my seat,
That I may’st gaze upon his face,
And better plan the notched degrees,
To send him to a hotter place.”

Before him is Arcartez brought,
Bound hand and foot, and helpless as
A new-born babe. The Sultan sees
The prisoner, and a frown doth pass
O’er his dark brow, which darker grows,
And now we see a speechless rage—
He shows his teeth, his eyes flash fire,
His chest in quick convulsions ’gage.

That hate is of inhuman birth,
That eye’s fire is of devilish stamp—
Can he be man—he seems a fiend,
And hellish sweat, his brow, doth damp!

He acts as if he had a fit—
A moment and it all is o’er;
He seats himself on the divan,
Then casts his eyes upon the floor,
And thinks; he slowly strokes his beard,
And rubs his forehead with his palm,
Then says he in a meaning tone,
And with a voice controlled and calm:

“This cur hath forty days to live;
These forty days shall endure pain
Such as no mortal e'er did bear
Before—nor's likely to again.

“Guards hold him so that he can't hear
The sentence, that I now declare.”
The guards obey; Arcartez hears
His sentence, and he doth despair.

“For forty days art thou to live,
And diest not till thy time is up,
But when thou dost die thou wilt be
A bleeding, mangled, limbless pup;

“The first five days thou'l not be scathed,
But wilt be forced to listen to
Thy sentence, as repeated by
The jailer, who will read it through;

“The sixth day wilt thy teeth be drawn,
The seventh will see thine hair a-flame,
The eighth will see thine ears clipped close,
The ninth, the knife thy nose will claim;

The tenth shall see thy toe-nails pulled,
Eleventh shall see thine ankles sawn,
The twelfth shall see two handless arms,
Thirteenth shall see thy knee-pans drawn.

“Then for ten days thou wilt be nursed,
And tended my physicians by,
To save thy life, for 'twould not do,
Before thy time to let thee die.

“Then when the twenty-fourth day dawns,
We will thy wagging tongue clip out,
Then rest a day—the twenty-sixth
We will thine arms, at the elbow, sprout;

“Then for twelve days thou wilt be carved,
Or rather what remains of thee,
By inches wilt thy flesh be cut,
And my court dogs will thus fed be.

“The thirty-ninth morn we shall bathe
Thy aching wounds with Euxine salt—
We then thy two eyes shall jam out,
And next day we, thy life will halt;

“The fortieth day will see thee boil
In water from Marmora’s sea,
Till thou dissolveth into broth
And my pet lions will finish thee;

“Thus will I make your death, a death
To serve as model for my race,
To grant just punishment to such
As wear thy cursed Christian face.”

The Sultan now wears a fierce smile
And slowly puffs a Turkish pipe,
Which lights, a slave at the command—
Anon, he olive oil doth sip.

Within the strongly guarded jail,
Arcartez then is roughly thrown,
A giant Turk doth o’er him watch,
Who hath a heart of granite stone.

The prison is a sep'rate tower
Of solid sandstone and contains
The Eastern torture instruments,
By which to make man cry his pains;
Surmounted is it with a spire,
Which rises high in air, and 'tis
With shining brass all plated o'er—
A glit'ring sign of death is this;
Within the spire there hangs a bell,
Which strikes each morn, and warning
gives,
As indication to commence
The torture of the man, that lives
Within this donjon. Horrid thought
That cruelty should so exist,
To tear a mortal limb from limb,
And cords and muscles singly twist!
The first day dawns, and strikes the bell—
Arcartez hears his sentence read—
His brain doth whirl, his senses swim
When he hath heard those words of dread.
The second day, repeated 'tis—
He will not hear—he cries, he yells
As loud as e'er his lungs allow;
Too awful on his thought it dwells.
The Turk who reads, then quickly gags,
With silken cloth, Arcartez's mouth,
And forces him to hear—the taste
Of the silk cloth is quite uncouth.

“ My fate is sealed,” Arcartez moans,
 “ My life is doomed, aye, more than
 doomed—
 I ne’er shall live in freedom more.”
 —No future hope, his mind illumed.
 “ Oh, awful, awful, by degrees
 To have my body mangled, hewn,
 Yet live to bear the pain of it,
 And to the dogs have my flesh strewn;
 “ Have saw of carpenter, my bones
 Cut through the marrow day by day,
 My eyes dug out—my sinewy joints
 Pulled then apart—oh mercy pray!”

Within a villa, ’mid the grove
 Is seated Murat and the Prince;
 Ah, serious is the look they wear—
 They talk affairs of consequence.
 “ What can’t I do,” doth Murat say.
 “ Thou?—naught; the Sultan would but
 kill
 Thee, if he find’st that thou wert friend
 Arcartez to. So best keep still.”
 “ But Prince I will learn what’s his fate,
 And lend a helping hand to save;
 I will, I say’st make bold a move,
 And mercy from the Sultan crave.”
 “ Thou know’st him not, and ’twere in vain
 To beg remittance of his fate
 (Whate’er it may be.) But I, a prince
 May plead his cause ere’t be too late.”

—“And wilt thou?”—“Aye sir, to be sure,
I'll use what skill I can command,
In his behalf; but first I must
Think means how best to make demand.”

A pause then follows which long lasts;
'Tis broken by a servant who
Makes entrance and says: “Here's a lad,
Who fain would hold converse with you.”

The lad (it is the slave set free)
Comes to their presence and they know,
The instant they set eye on him,
His true identity, although

He's 'rayed in different garb—of Greece—
Which sets to fine view his slight form,
A silken girdle binds his waist,
A satin cap doth his head adorn.

His name is Neon and he tells
Of how he accidentally met
A friend out on the city streets
Who did, for him, his new dress get.

“I, then,” he said, “tried to find you,
But for a day I searched in vain,
But now success is my reward,
—Glad am I to see you again.”

Sudden the Prince arose and said:
“I have a plan, by which this youth's
And my aid can redeem your friend,
When we find, of where he's jailed some
truths.

* * * * *

Now let me here explain a bit,
To make what follows plain indeed,
In truth, dear reader, for I am
A little mixed how to proceed.

I've got Arcartez in a scrape—
To safely get him out, I ween
I'll make a mess of my whole tale,
Unless I here stop to explain.

By George, I wish I'd never tried
To write a canto number three,—
The first two cantos were enough,
To suit a vast majority.

I ought to 've seen 'twas foolish, to
Try lead you through these Eastern lands—
I might have known I would get mixed,
And wreck myself on unseen strands.

Arcartez, Murat, Charles have had
Enough adventure with brave Carl,
Theresa, Hermann, Monpeire and
Fair Hesa and—I'm in a snarl

And can I—will you trust me full,
To end this third quite tedious part
Of Cosmopoli—*what a name!*
Great heaven, where did that name start!

Let's see, let's see, just let me think
The finis that I can devise—
I have it, though to tell the truth,
Each verse I write is filled with lies.

I've got to make the Prince move round,
And Neon too distinguish must,
Some way or other—but I crawl
Upon a thin and tot'ring crust.

But as I've said I will explain
And end my tale without delay,
Though I must make up what I write
That clear and plain, explain I may.

The Persian Prince when he left home
Teheran in, he traveled 'round
As incognito, so you see
His real cognomen no one found.

The name he took—well I won't say,
It doesn't matter to our tale,
But his true name was Neugarah,
Next Shah of Persia hill and vale.

His father who ruled from the throne
Was a Mahomet (so was he)
And as a natural consequence,
A friend of th' Sultan did pass he.

Of course, as son of Persia's Shah,
The Sultan would, with welcome 'ceive
Prince Neugarah and thus bestow
All honors in his power to give.

The Prince's plan was this, in short:
A visit to the Sultan he
Would make and so be entertained—
Arcartez's fate he then could see.

And Neon would his servant be,
And so have opportunity
To watch, and question unawares,
And secrets find, and curious be.

And when the hour was full and ripe
They'd find some plan to make escape.
(Dear reader, this is all the way
I can think to get out this scrape.)

The Prince makes known his royal name,
And is received the Sultan by,
With honors great—is entertained
In sumptuous style and luxury.

And Neon plays his part with zeal;
He, with keen eye and ear keeps watch—
He questions slaves and servants close,
And so doth many secrets catch.

He doth discover where the jail
Located is, and with great skill
Acquaintance with the jailer makes,
And, secrets more, his head doth fill.

Four days have passed—the fifth will see
Arcartez writhe with awful pain—
He forward looks but all is dark;
And anguish great o'er him is lain.

'Tis night. Within the palace halls,
An entertainment grand is held
In honor Neugarah of; and
Rich music on the air is swelled;

An Eastern masquerade is held
Beneath the Sultan's royal arch;
Fair women's plump, delicious forms,
Hang to dark Turk's and forward march;

And brilliant is the scene; the fumes
Of sweet rose water scent the air,
Which sparkles from a fountain that
Is in the grand hall's central square.

And twice a hundred nightingales,
Sing forth a never-ending strain,
In cages of the purest gold
And made for this rich Suzerain.

And purple, white and ermine folds
Of finest tapestry that e'er
Was made by hand, adorn the walls,
—Embroidery from far Cashmere.

And rarest draughts, like water flow
Through silver basins—nectarines
Of various kinds invite the taste,
Extracted from the rarest vines.

At one end of the sumptuous hall,
On a divan of ermine hue,
There sits a maiden, near the door
Which leads, out the veranda to;

The Prince speaks to her hurriedly;
She did arise and leave the scene.
(As a fair Peri was she dressed.)
On the veranda now she's seen.

From off a chair, a bundle she
Takes in her arm, and then she hies
In the direction of the jail
Where in strong chains Arcartez lies.

'Tis very dark, and no one sees
The flying form—she soon arrives
At the jail door. The jailer starts
And at her his strong hand he drives.

“Who’rt thou,” he cries; “Sultana, I,”
She makes reply, and he doth fall,
In deep obeisance at her feet.
Respect that name doth always call.

From out her bosom, quick she draws
A poisoned dagger, and stabs firm
Into the jailer’s bended back,
And like an eel did he then squirm.

She strikes again—again—again—
The Turk is dead with lengthened moan.
Oh bloody deed! 'tis well that Night
Her darkened cloud hath o'er it thrown.

The string of keys are quickly ta'en.
From the Turk's girdle and the door
Of the jail tower is opened wide;
A minute and the maid walks o'er
The pavement of the prison house,
Unlocks the grating which leads to
The inner cell's o'er-powerful gloom,
And feels her way with movement slow.

* * * * *

That night Arcartez slumbered ill—

His stony pillow gave no rest,

He tossed about in agony—

The heavy chains did mar his breast.

To-morrow torture would he see—

The first day of the thirty-five

Would then commence, in which he'd see

The sternest pain; and he must live,

To bear it all—he could not die

Until the stated day arrived.

His brain was crazed—he strove to break

His iron chain—in vain he strived.

He fell into a nightmared sleep.

He dreamed that dragons, griffiths, sphynx
And winged tigers, Cerberus

Did bind his limbs with burning links.

Sudden he woke, with starting eyes;

He felt his chains were loosened, he,
Soft in his ear, heard sound a voice

Which told him that he could be free;

’Twas dark, he could not see who ’twas,

About to grant him liberty

But he was willing to receive

From any hand, leave to go free;

The voice explains still farther, and

Arcartez fully understands

How he must act and play a part,

Which frees him from the Moslem hands.

Dear reader, need I say that this
 Bold maid who thus Arcartez freed,
Was Neon,—but perhaps you've guessed
 Already as you this do read.

The bundle which young Neon took,
 Contained a garb Arcartez for,
And thus disguised he made escape
 And slipped quite safely out the door;

He made his way and found Murat,
 Within the villa—all unharmed,
Though still the dreadful sentence rung
 Within his ears—but unalarmed,

He then soon grew. Ah narrow was
 His 'scape from torturing Moslem hand—
The very thought did make him start,
 And on his brow great sweat drops stand.

Arcartez then resolved to change
 His whole appearance to the view—
He shaved his beard and smeared his face
 Which did transform him through and
 through;

He cast aside his Grecian dress,
 So that to see him now you would
Not know him though you did gaze firm
 And name who 'twas you never could.

'Twas well he did this for next morn,
 The keenest search was ordered by
The Sultan, who was very wroth
 That from his grasp his prey should fly.

And days passed on. A quiet life
Our friends did live for careful they
Could not but be, and not again,
Did deem it wise to rashly play.

A month is passed. Again the two
Do meet the Prince of Persia's land,
And Neon who so bravely freed
Arcartez from the Sultan's hand.

The Prince must bid adieu in haste—
For back to Persia must he bend
His steps, for regent must he be,
While doth his sire a visit tend

To courts of neighboring monarchs, so
A quick return is to be made
Teheran to. They thanked the Prince
And their respects before him laid.

The Prince said: "Thou hast traveled far
And dangers met—escaped them all,
And I do hope, in perils which
Do follow, good chance you'll befall."

"Oh Prince," Arcartez answered, "I
Do owe my life—my all to thee—
And Neon too, how brave was he
To risk his life in saving me."

"Restrain thy praise, oh friend, for I
Did but (I hold) my duty do;
I am a prince and therefore should
Show that I know my duty true.

“What’s duty?—’tis the path to fame,
 To honor, glory and renown—
 What’s duty?—’tis the law of life,
 And is a virtue fain I’d own;

“And I, a prince, should strive to gain
 By hard experience, virtues good;
 To gain these, I must duties do,
 And shirk them, friends, I never should;

“To save a brave man’s life is but
 A duty stern, a duty grand—
 Despite of creed, of faith, belief—
 In spite of country or of land;

“Thou art a Christian loyal, true,
 Whilst I Mahomet’s faith hold firm—
 If thou art brave and dost good deeds,
 I question not of your faith’s term.”

So Neugarah spake to our friends,
 And noble looked he—true a prince.
 He left for home, and Murat said:
 “He never will from duty wince.”

Now reader dear (for you are dear,
 Or else you’d never read my verse)
 I’ll end this canto and commence
 Another—may it be no worse.

This canto has exciting been;
 I killed Al Hara, or at least
 I made Arcartez do the deed
 But have myself from blame released.

I got Arcartez in a fix,
But he's all right so do not fret,
And so is Murat too—and of
Young Neon we will more see yet.

Well, canto number three has run
Its snakey length past the two C's,
So I will now end up my song,
Or hymn, or lay or what you please.

'Tis growing late, you must be tired
Of this third canto's lengthening mean—
So here's the end—right here I say—
At verse two hundred ten I ween.

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

—o—

As waves break on the rising shore,
—As bubbles burst to thinnest air—
So are our hopes dashed on the rocks
Of Disappointment's cliff so bare.

Oh, many are the lessons, we
Must learn as years do onward roll,
And countless maxims must we write
Upon Experience's scroll.

This fact is plain—that we must live,
Exist on earth in clayey form;
All subject to the pains and strifes
And miseries of this life's storm.

The ills we must meet face to face,
And the frustrations hand to hand,
We these must bear what e'er they be
With all the strength we can command.

Some meet them cheerfully, and some
Seek to evade with flying feet,
Just like the soldier who doth fly
Ere he the foe doth squarely meet.

Which is most glorious—to die
While fighting bravely on the field,
Or to be shot a traitor as—
In either case your death is sealed.

That man who Disappointment has
Had as a teacher, hard and firm,
Can meet Success the better for't,
For he then knows its proper term.

What is Success?—it is the End,
It is the meed of those who bear
Their fate with patient mind and heart,
How so e'er stern, and ne'er despair.

A truly great man meets a loss,
As though it were to him a gain—
It *is* a gain, for when he gains
Proportioned increase's his attain.

Those men are few who doth their means
Appreciate to their full worth—
Who rate the chances that they have,
On their true merit's face i'sooth.

The man who calls this life a mist—
A gloomy nothing, but betrays
The duties he was made to do,
And his worst nature's side displays.

These thoughts to Murat came one morn
As lost in reverie, he lay
Amid the grove. Within his mind
A gloomy sadness held its sway.

He thought of what he might have been,
He dreamed o'er chances he had lost,
His memory called forth vain regrets
Of aspiration idly tossed.

He knew that he had lived a life,
Which had misspent his younger years—
He felt his life a failure, but
A pathway new to him appears.

There moments are, when it doth seem
As though our efforts were as naught—
These, warnings are given us to strive
The harder toward goals to be sought.

The man who strives will ever gain,
The man who shirks will ever lose
In the grand End; but strive ahead,
And chances given ne'er misuse.

“I had a father,” Murat sighed,
“Who for the follies of my youth
Did in despair avaunt the world,
But blessed me e’en in my untruth;

“I turned his raven hair to white,
His swiftened steps to slackened pace;
I drew the wrinkles on his brow,
I marked the care upon his face;

“Great heaven, and I’ve thus lived out
These lengthened years and never cast
A solemn thought o’er my misdeeds—
My foolish, wicked, wicked past;

“I threw away a father’s love,
I listened not my sire’s advice—
Oh painfully the thought returns
Of how the the world did me entice.

“ How is it that I ne’er before,
Have been confronted with remorse
Or haunted been with visions ill
To show to me my wrong, wrong course.”

A picture rises to his eye—
His boyhood home he views again,
His mother’s saddened smile is bent
Upon her son—is it in vain?

She died when he was young—perhaps
If she had lived, her only son
Would ne’er have strayed ’mid wayward
paths,
And brought this grief his sire upon.

“ Ah me, my days are as a blot;
I revelled in forbidden glees;
My flow’ry days were nipped in bud,
With careless wassail, carnal companies.

“ I since have roamed, and did forget
Those actions did so carelessly;
The thought now comes regretfully
With tripled meaning back to me;

“ I see wherein I failed to do
The duty then upon me laid;
But now new duties are at hand,
New paths for me to tread are made;

“ And hitherto my life has been
But aimless without aim nor goal,
But striving to o’erlook my faults,
And seeking to evade life’s toll.

“ My past shall serve as monument
 To lead me in the proper way;
 My future wanderings shall have
 A glorious object, now I say.”

Murat looks sad and pensive grows.
 Time’s course does onward roll a week—
 He then Arcartez seeks alone,
 And thus to him does he bespeak:

“ As we have met, we needs must part—
 ’Tis true we have companions been
 A dozen years—have traveled far
 And varied lands together seen.

“ But now, Arcartez, must we part,
 I must adieu to thee extend,
 I needs must quit this aimless life—
 Farewell to thee, oh dearest friend.”

“ Thou speak’st enigmas—why say’st thou
 This life be aimless? Is’t not brave
 That we have been? Have not our arms
 Been ever ready lives to save?”

“ Arcartez, that thou lov’st good deeds,
 I ne’er can doubt. Thy noble heart
 Know’st not my gloomy past, or else
 From me, before in haste, thou’d part.

“ My life hath been that what it is,
 To try forget the foolish deeds
 Of youthful folly. But now forth
 I, better days to live have needs.

“Farewell, Arcartez, that I love
Thee truly, heart not lips must say.
Our paths must sever—oh adieu,
Perhaps ne'er to meet in future's day;

“I cast aside a father's love
And left him friendless and alone;
My future life will be to seek
Him, and my early sins atone.”

He spoke. When to Arcartez's eye
A filmy mist shuts out their glow—
He gasps—he reels and staggers back—
A cry he utters long and low;

Murat doth hold him or he falls—
But straightway is he calm again;
Gaze at his face—alas how changed—
But note the deepened look of pain.

“Oh friend,” cries Murat, “Tell to me
What means these symptoms dread, of
woe—

Is't caused by thoughts of parting?—is't
Because thou'd rather I'd not go?”

“Nay, Murat,” says Arcartez low,
“But thoughts forgotten come to me—
Thoughts of my home, of my lost home
Which ne'er by me can claimed be;

“I never shared my father's love,
I was outcast from hearth and home,
For disinherited was I
And forced about the world to roam;

“I wandered to forget the past,
And oh, at last succeed I did
When thou did’st bring it back to me—
Thoughts which Oblivion long hath hid;

“Oh, Murat, my sire ne’er bestowed
That love which as a youth I claimed;
I did revere him, but on me
His eye was turned with rage inflamed;

“I had a baby brother whom
I loved—oh God, I ne’er can tell!
His tiny form beside me, I
Could always then contented dwell;

“My father cursed me, sent me forth,
Because my baby brother loved
Me, better than it did himself.
I left his hall and since have roved.

“Oh, Olga, plainly now thy face,
Thy baby face comes to my mind,
But thou art now almost a man.
Oh, Olga, can I ne’er thee find!”

If we could view the inward soul,
If we could the heart’s secrets trace,
If we could read the past of all
Upon the features of the face,

How often would discerning eyes
See Sorrow gnawing the heart’s core
Of gayest natures, striving on
To choke out saddened years of yore;

How oft would seeming purest minds
Cast off their mask and show that hate,
Misanthropy lay in their breasts—
Where we thought truth, find untruth
sate—

Find Virtue but an empty boast,
Find Fame a tablet full of ill,
Find Great souls where we ne'er would think
To search *because* we never will.

Arcartez sits alone to-night;
A cooling breeze sweeps from the sea
And fans his hot and fevered brow—
His nervous limbs move restlessly.

Murat hath left him and he feels
As though his own right arm were gone,
For friendship brightens like a light;
How sad it is with that light gone.

The hours pass; at length he sinks
Into a dreamy doze, and views
The scenes of home again revived—
He pardon from his father sues,
But 'tis not given—then he seeks
His brother Olga, but in vain—
His brother is not to be found—
Afar, his steps hath Olga ta'en.

The dream then changes; by his couch
He, Olga sees, whose youth-grown gaze
Is turned on his own smiling face,
And to him, low his brother says:

“ Arcartez, meet we ne’er to part;
Thy wand’ring steps are at an end;
Together we shall always dwell,
And each to each our loves extend.”

But here the vision fades away—
Arcartez wakes—reality,
The picture dashes from his eye,
Back to his stern fatality.

The moon is high—its mellow rays
Pierce through the latticed window-shade;
Across the pavement of the room
Are blackened stripes of shadow laid.

“ Ah sweet my dream, and oh I pray,
That I may live to see it true.
Oh dream, come often in my sleep,
To better make me life pursue;

“ Are dreams precursors of events
Which hap to who so e’er they come?
Are they harbingers good or ill?—
Will my dream lend light to my gloom?”

“ What did’st thou dream,” low falls a voice
Upon his ear—he starts—he springs
Upon his feet—“ Who’rt thou?” he cries
And for defense his sword he brings.

“ Tis only Neon—why dost leap
As though an enemy were I.”

“ I crave thy pardon, gentle youth,
For starting up so hastily;

“Thou asked me of my dream—I thought
I saw portrayed the boyhood scene
Of home that once I loved so well;
Distinct the picture was I ween.”

Arcartez then relates the tale
Of banishment from hearth and home,
Of the young brother whom he loved—
But here, to grief did he succumb.

“What was thy baby brother’s name?”
Then Neon asks Arcartez of;
Who did make answer: “Olga ’twas—
Oh dearly Olga did I love!”

A strange look comes to Neon’s face;
“Why strange,” he says, “That was my
name
When I was small—I Olga was
Known to my friends—the very same;
“My sire for reasons ne’er I knew
To Neon changed me—did command
Me ne’er to answer Olga more,
And I obeyed his demand.”

“Your name was Olga years ago?—
And changed to Neon by your sire,
For reasons which you never knew?—
And you the cause did ne’er inquire?”

“Ah oft did I enquiry make,
But never did reply I get,
That satisfaction gave to me—
My father’s lips seemed firmly set.”

Arcartez asked: "Who was thy sire,
And where thy home?" and Neon said:—
"His name was Francis Angelo;
In Austria's mountains was I bred."

Arcartez reeled and backward fell
Upon the couch; the moon's pale ray
Lights up his face as though with death.
"What meaneth this" doth Neon say.

"My dream, my dream hath proven true—
It did forbode reality!
Thou art my Olga—thou art he!
My brother Olga—thou art he!"

Reality—how strange a thing;
'Tis more mysterious than a dream;
But think how wondrous is the truth,
We are exactly what we seem.

The more distinctly things we see,
Observing carefully and true,
The stranger to us they appear—
Acquaintance breeds mysterious view.

But realize yourself alive,
But realize that you can walk,
And see, and hear, and smell, and feel,
Observe, and think, and breathe, and talk;
Are these not wondrous when we think
And realize that they are so!
How strange this earth, the sky, the stars,
And that rain falls and breezes blow!

What workmanship a grain of sand,
How strange a globule of the sea!
How wonderful Reality,
When we think of it carefully.

'Tis thinking moves the world; I oft
Imagine God a thinker deep,
Whose mind's work we an atom see—
This thought with force o'er me doth creep.

Reality!—how strange a thing
That we exist—some misconceive
What life doth mean; the more we think,
More strange impressions doth it leave.

To Austria's mountains now we soar—
Amidst Carpathian steeps we halt—
Beside a lake embasined in
With granite shafts which gleam like salt.

Oh, calm the scene; the morning wind
Has died away and left the lake
Like burnished glass; the foliage rich
Doth double beauty by reflectance take

And eastward, pinnacled on high
The round towers of a castle 'rise
Like sentinels to guard the peace
Which o'er this mountain valley lies.

One tower juts out o'er the wave,
And (from its alcove) one perceives
His image looking upward, when
The lake's disturbed not by the breeze.

Most beautiful the scene to-day,
And sweetest fragrance fills the air
And nature's dulcet strains arise
And spread their music everywhere.

These castle walls have withstood siege,
And held the enemy at bay;
These age-scarred piles have sheltered kings
When foes their monarchs sought to slay.

Beneath this roof, nobility
Has met in regal festival,
And royalty has gazed entranced
Upon this scene—so beautiful.

And Austria's 'Female King' has supped
Beneath these arches; and the troops
Of armed legions reared their tents
Among these parks in serried groups.

These mounts have echoed back discords
Of raging strife—these skies have seen
Confusion reign below and ranks
Of men meet men and fall back—slain.

Oh, never may they see it more,
Oh, never may, repeated, they
View hostile forces clash in fight,
And meet in grim-faced battle 'ray.

Within the hall, alone is he,
Sits Francis Angelo and he
Is lost in thought, with head inclined,
And roams his mind in reverie.

He was a soldier in his prime;
' Mid bivouac and field he won
His spurs; at column's head he led
Advancing hosts the foe upon.

His three score years had not ta'en from
His bearing which bold time defies—
His stalwart frame reared 'mid the ranks,
Retains its strength by exercise.

That firm set mouth, those piercing eyes,
Proclaim a will, that ne'er retrenched;
That high set pride in battle won
Is borne with ease and 's never blenched;

Those lips when uttering forth command
Had ne'er known disobedience
But that th' offend ne'er had chance
To offend again, for then—silence.

As lions oft give way to lambs,
When tigers could not overcome,
So mighty minds give way to love,
And to its magic charm succumb.

A mis-said word may fell a state;
An atom's move an earthquake cause;
A little boiling water raise
Volcanoes—small things are Earth's laws.

The motion of the ice-drop plows
And cleaves the mountain to a plain,
And grinds the granite rock to sand.
When other forces would be in vain.

Sits Angelo alone; he thinks
Of Neon who a year before
Had left this hall to travel and
Has ne'er been seen nor heard of more.

“Oh Neon, Neon, my fond hope—
Oh where art thou—thou must be dead,
Or else thou would’st returned ere now.

Oh come to me ere hope hath fled;

“Why did’st thou wander from thy home—
Why did’st thou leave thy loving sire!
A year hath passed, and still away—
Hath evil overta’en thee, dire?”

He then arises—paces slow,
With head bowed down, the breadth of
hall.

“Relief, relief, I needs must find
Or into madness will I fall.”

He seeks the lake shore and is soon
Within a skiff, and guides its course
Across the wave with vigorous hand,
Which clearly shows its muscled force.

The gentle zephyrs calm his nerves,
He feels his mind relieved of pain,
By charms from an invisible hand,
And soon he feels refreshed again.

Sweet solace Nature lends the heart,
Which bows beneath o’erburdening thought
Of sadness—she takes out the sting,
Which sorrow in the breast hath wrought.

The hours pass on. When from the shore,
Reverberating o'er the wave,
A hunting horn's clear notes arise,
And to his ear a sweet charm gave.

And Angelo turns quickly round.
Oh, how familiar is that sound
To his fond ear—he starts for joy—
With pleasure his whole soul doth bound.

“Tis Neon's bugle that I hear—
Its echoing strains I recognize
Of old; and dear that sound as with
Its swiftened wings to mine ear flies;

“My Neon hath returned at last,
And ne'er again from me will fly;
Blow bugle, blow, thou sound'st more sweet
Than e'er thou hast in days gone by.”

His shallop glides with stronger arm
On toward the shore; at length he stops
And gazes with hand-shaded eye.

“Tis strange,”—the oar from his hand
drops.

Upon the granite dock he views
A stalwart form he does not know.
“Who might this be?—a stranger he,”
And rows the boat on shoreward slow.

He then arises in the skiff,
And gazes with an eager eye;
“I am deceived—'tis Neon not,
Those bugle notes were but a lie!”

The stranger speaks: "Know'st thou not me?
I am thy son." Cries Angelo:
"But not that son I dearly love.
My God, thee do I recognize!"

It is Arcartez whom he sees—
His hated eldest son returned—
The son he banished from this hall;
His hatred now with new ire burned.

"Oh, never him," his heart doth say;
All hopes of Neon downward dash;
His brain whirls 'round, he senseless falls
Into the water with a splash.

Arcartez throws his mantle back,
Accoutred leaps into the lake
And swims out to the sinking form
And doth to shore the burden take.

A youth now rushes to the dock—
'Tis Neon, and his aid he lends,
Conveying Angelo within
The castle and to him extends,
The tend'rest care. The hours pass on
And Angelo still lay as dead;
The doctors of the castle used
Their utmost skill. "He lives," they said.

He breathed again, and oped his eyes;
And Neon stood beside the bed—
"Ah—Neon—then deceived was I—
'Tis really thee," he slowly said.

“Yes, father, thy son hath returned.”

“Thy bugle note I really heard?”

“Yes, I did sound its ringing blasts
To call thee—rightly thou inferred.”

“Was I deceived, or did I dream

I saw a figure on the dock

Which I do hate as I do hell?—

Was it not that gave me my shock?”

He then looked with a fearful eye

About the room—then did he say:

“Leave me alone with this my son;

Depart ye all,—depart. Obey.”

Alone with Neon is he left.

“I thought thee dead, son of my heart,
And with despair my heart was filled
To think forever we must part.

“But now my almost deadened hopes
Rewarded are. Ne'er battle's gain
Were half so sweet, as this the hour,
Which sees me welcome thee again.

“These steeps to me had lost their charm;
These halls to me were desolate
Without my son—thee Neon, thee;
I felt I could not bear my fate;

“I, that had been through tempest's fire
Of bat'ling minions, and ne'er known
Fatigue nor fear—now sank beneath
The burden on my shoulders thrown.

“But now I am myself again—
The sight of thee means life anew,
And days of happiness supreme—
Oh, bright the future to my view.”

A week of time slips swiftly by,
When to his father Neon speaks:
“Oh father, have I all the love
Which forth from thy fond bosom breaks?”

“Thou art my all, oh Neon, and
My love bursts forth for none but thee.”
“Another hath a better claim
To share that love than ever me.”

“What mean’st by that, another—whom?—”
“My elder brother—thy first son,”
Thus Neon says, “Arcartez he,
Whom thou should’st grant thy love upon.”

The folded curtains of an arch
Are moved aside. Arcartez stands
With head inclined. Alas, how changed
Those features bound with Sorrow’s bands.

Within his heart he hardly dares
To think that welcomed home is he;
He hardly deems his father’s hate
Is now expunged by time’s decree.

What is’t to love?—what is’t to hate?
This bright as day, that dark as night;
Why should the heart accept the black,
And cover up the white from sight?

Oh Hate! thou lead'st the souls of men
Through evil channels—desperate deeds
Spring from thy venom'd font, and Crime
Beneath thy spray quite freely breeds.

“Cursed be the hour that brings thee here
To be the thorn unto this rose!”
Cried Angelo with passioned voice,
“Thou'd now be dead if I had chose;

“But every joy must have its pain,
And every gladness have its woe;
Thou art the sting to all my joy—
A curse upon thy head I throw!

“Thou art the adder which darts out
Beside this lily which I hold.
But now begone—begone I say!
My vengeance on thee I unfold!”

“Oh sir, I've wandered all these years,
And ne'er found rest—in vain, in vain—
None like the rest which home affords.
Receive thy wearied son again.

“For thine affection ask I not,
And I will keep me from thy sight—
Let me again live 'mid the scenes
Of happy boyhood days so bright;

“Oh sir, thou know'st not what it is
To be a wanderer on the Earth;
To be shut out from hearth and home—
All places else have little worth.”

Is Pity dead within the breast
 Where beats a heart of sternest Hate—
 Is Pity's grass choked by Hate's weeds,
 And can there naught their growth abate?

For Pity is like the moon's pale beams
 Which light the night of direful Hate;
 How dark that night without the moon,
 How fearful and how desolate.

“No halls of mine shall shelter thee.
 Go! go!—avaunt thine hated face!
 Away! seek rest where e'er thou wilt—
 My house is not thy resting place;

 “What, hear'st thou not? Away I say—
 Cursed be the hour that gave thee birth.
 Go!—go!—thy presence bodes me ill—
 Go, wander onward o'er the Earth!”

That night the hurrying clouds o'ercast
 The firmament from steep to steep;
 The fleeting wind gave dismal moan
 As 'round the high towers it did sweep.

The thund'rous storm is brewing up
 Its fury for the climax, and
 Its culminating forces pause
 As if to wait th' storm god's command.

The rumbling of alarums grow
 More loud—now low—now peal on peal,
 Their echoes send from mount to mount,
 Which seem in fright to backward reel.

A hush—a stillness, deep, profound
 Adds terror to this fearful night;
The trebled blackness overhead
 Seems to reveal itself to sight.

The wind is silenced as with fear;
 The Earth yet trembles with the shock;
Now shafts of livid lightning dart
 And bound themselves from rock to rock.

But see! up in the round tower arch,
 There stands a man, who dares the night—
A lightning flame illumines his face—
 Arcartez 'tis revealed to sight.

But look! his foot is on the rail
 Of stony banister, and naught
Prevents his fall to depths beneath,
 If dizziness to his brain is brought.

Now see!—he rises to his height—
 O horror! look, he gives a spring
Far out and downward like a shot,
 As swiftly as a stone from sling.

The sulphurous glare of heaven's vault
 Is now outpoured—down, down the form
Is hurried in its falling flight—
 Now bursts the fury of the storm,

Just as the body strikes the waves;
 The clouds are op'ed, heaven's floods are
 free,
And now belch forth their torrents, which
 Descend to Earth most furiously.

Sudden (as if Elysian halls
Their glories did spread to the view,
As if the suns of Paradise
Their brilliant splendor did undo)

The ebon curtains are withdrawn;
Another world its wonders blaze,
But human eye may not withstand
The dazzling brightness of these rays;

Now heaven's artillery vents its roar,
Ten thousand cannon mouthings loud,
And roll and roll, when—crash—when
crash—

Is't Earth's defiance sent to th' cloud?

The Earth recedes; the might of heaven
Proclaims his strength's gigantic power.
How weak is man—an atom he—
He feels it too, in such an hour.

But look! the round tower stands no more;
This battlement which did defy
The 'sembedle force of legioned men,
Is felled with vengeance from on high.

These granite walls are now laid low,
These turrets now can view no more
The expanse of lake, which centuries long
Has spread its breadth from shore to shore.

The work of man (oh, weakest man)
May not endure the might of heaven;
His strongest walls are cleft in twain
By rage which from on high is driven.

Arcartez sleeps upon a couch
Of moss:—his coverlet formed of grass;
The sighing undercurrents wave
His locks as slowly by they pass.

The lilies blossom o'er his grave,
Anemones lean o'er his tomb,
The water spirits sing their dirge
Of sadness for Arcartez's doom.

The fairies of the lake have reared
A catacomb of silver quartz,
And silent they its portals guard,
As if they loved him from their hearts.

The fairy maidens have entwined
A wreath of flowers round his brow;
They look and weep o'er his sad face,
Which e'en with death did sadder grow.

This world is not a resting place,
But one of toil and pain and woe,
Of disappointment unto all;
We sorrows meet where e'er we go.

And since 'tis so, life's secret lies,
In meeting Fate with smiling face,
In meeting buffets, scorns, rebukes,
And feel them all in their right place.

To end its course ere life hath run
Its natural length, is such a crime
As stands unnamed—the suicide's
A curse to all—of men the slime.

The suicide commits an act
Which in God's eye is worser far,
Than e'er a murderer can commit,
For I say self-destructionists are
The disencouragers of life;
They clog the progress of the world;
They stay advancement toward the Right—
Draw down the flag which Truth unfurled.
They set examples such as spread
Despair when e'er men try, and fail
In life's stern battle toward the Light;
They weaken strength given to assail
The wrong. One life that is self-ta'en
Offsets an hundred brave-met deaths.
Are hearts less staunch than in years past?
Are Right's swords rusting in their
sheaths?
The wrong lies here—do mothers teach
Their babes aright, and grain their growth
In channels which will lead them on
To men of strength and men of worth?
We all can live if we succeed;
More often far we flatly fail
To attain our ends—the common lot,
And then we need life's strongest mail
To meet that failure, not give up
In blank despair, but then again
To strive ahead with cheerful heart,
To strive ahead with might and main.

Success is made of failures, as
A house is based on blocks of stone;
The more the stones, more firm the house
And so can ne'er be overthrown.

Arcartez, can I blame thee, for
Thy fatal plunge beneath the flood?
—I weep for thee, my heart forgives
Thine act, but Justice calls me loud
To say thou did'st a sin—the worse
That in thy power 'twas laid to do:
Thou'rt dead; thy duty 'twas to live,
To bravely live thy hard Fate through.

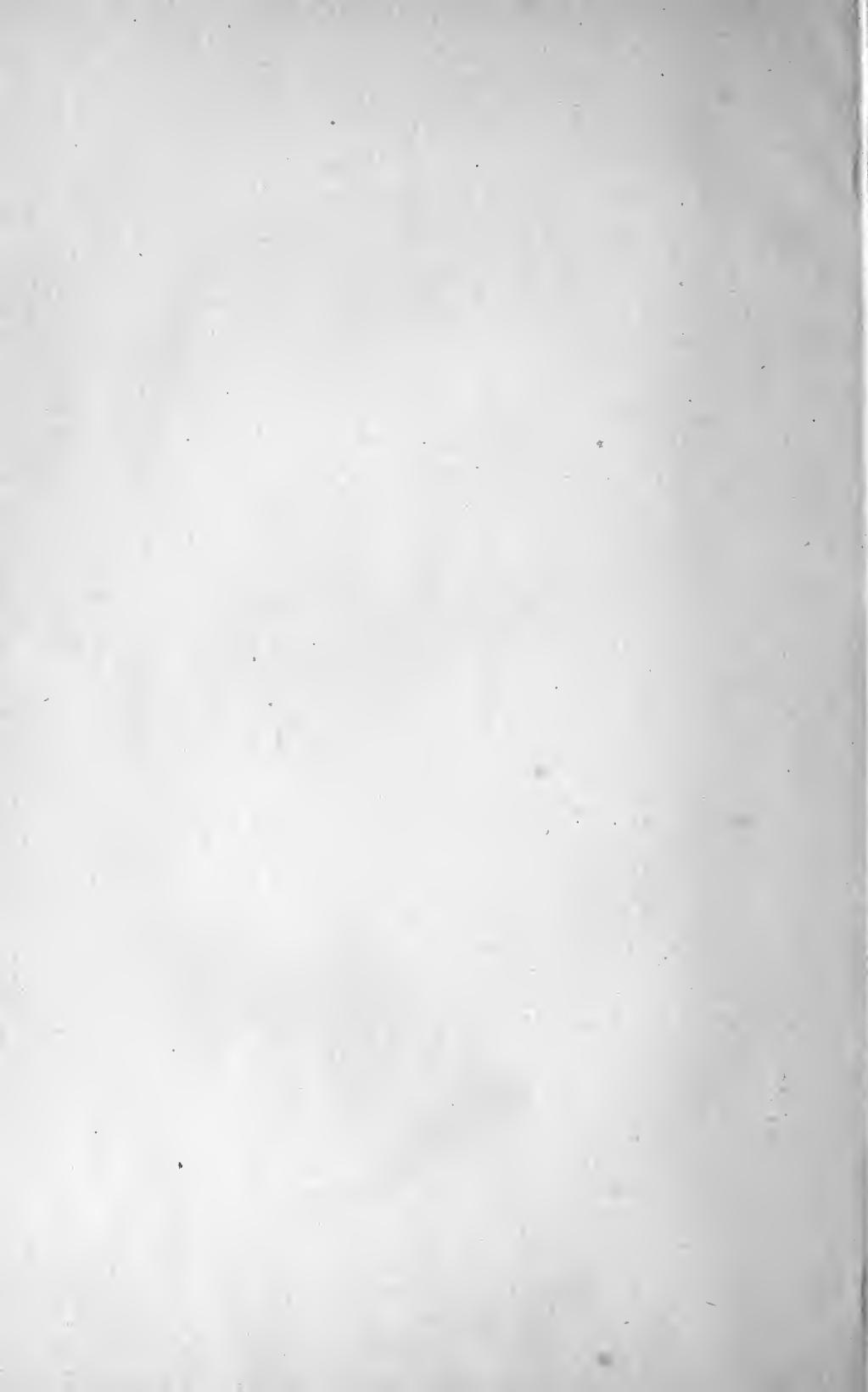
No task is heavy, if the heart
Accepts it as a duty given;
Life's heroes ever must so do
To win the cherished hopes of heaven.

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.

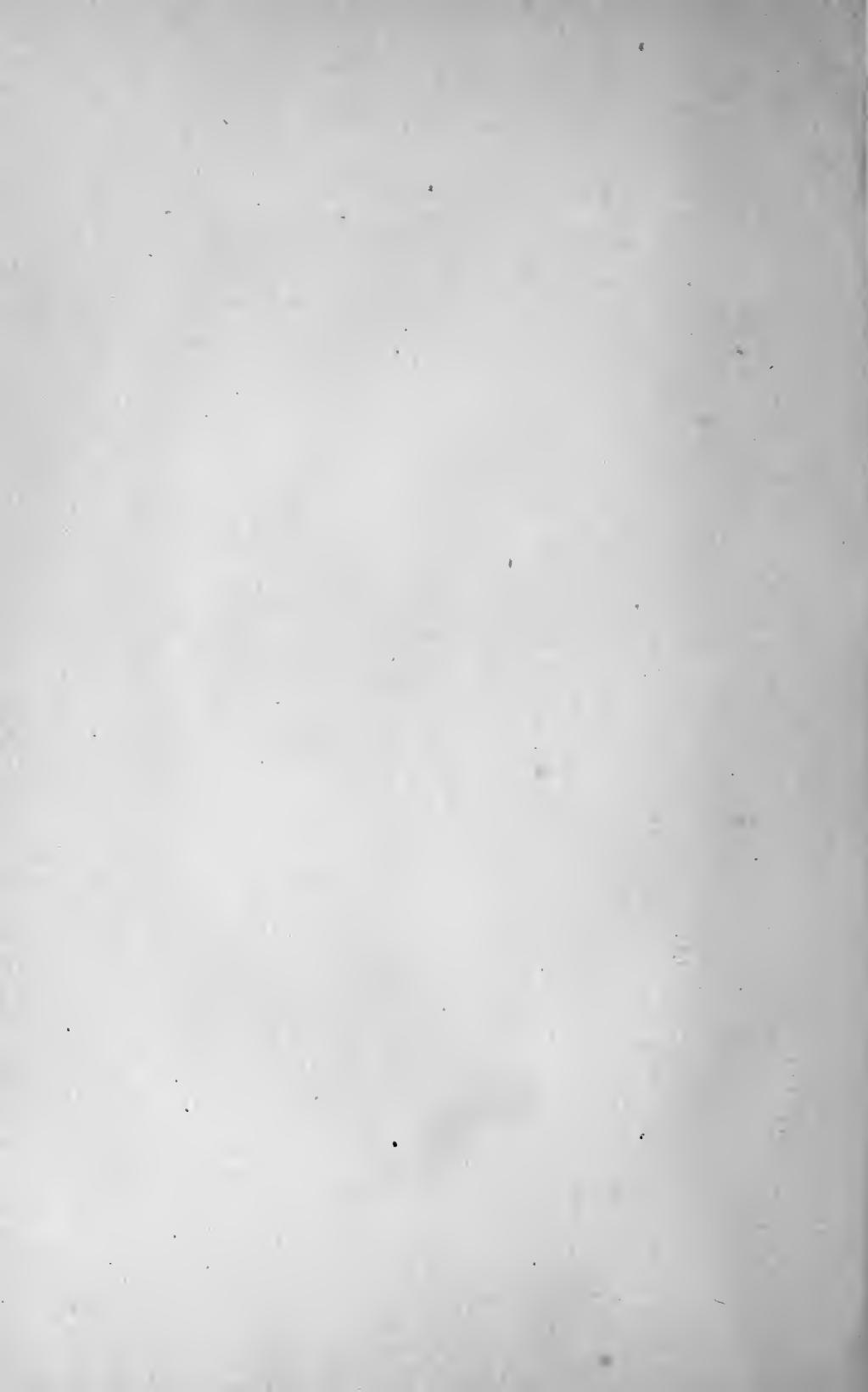


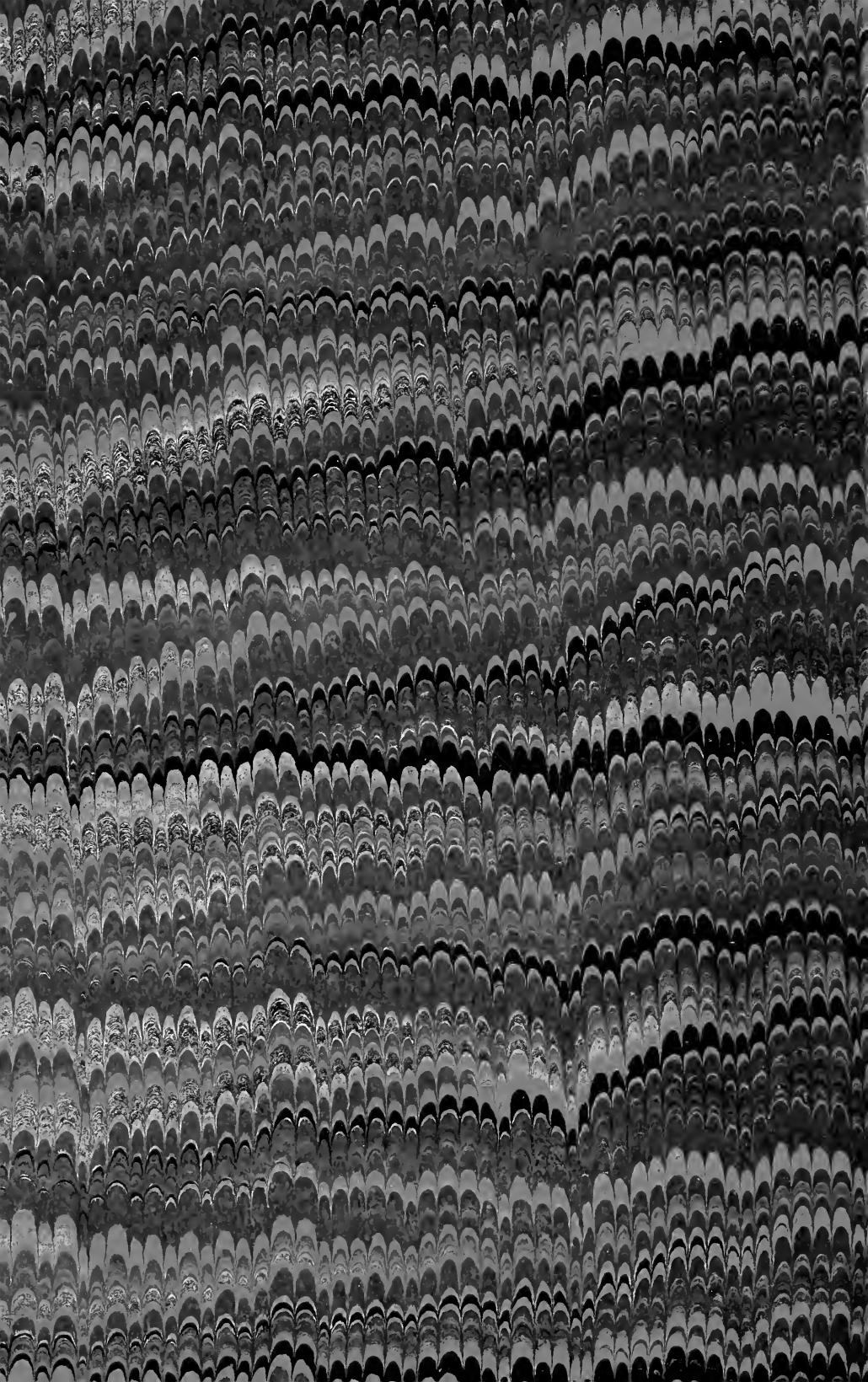
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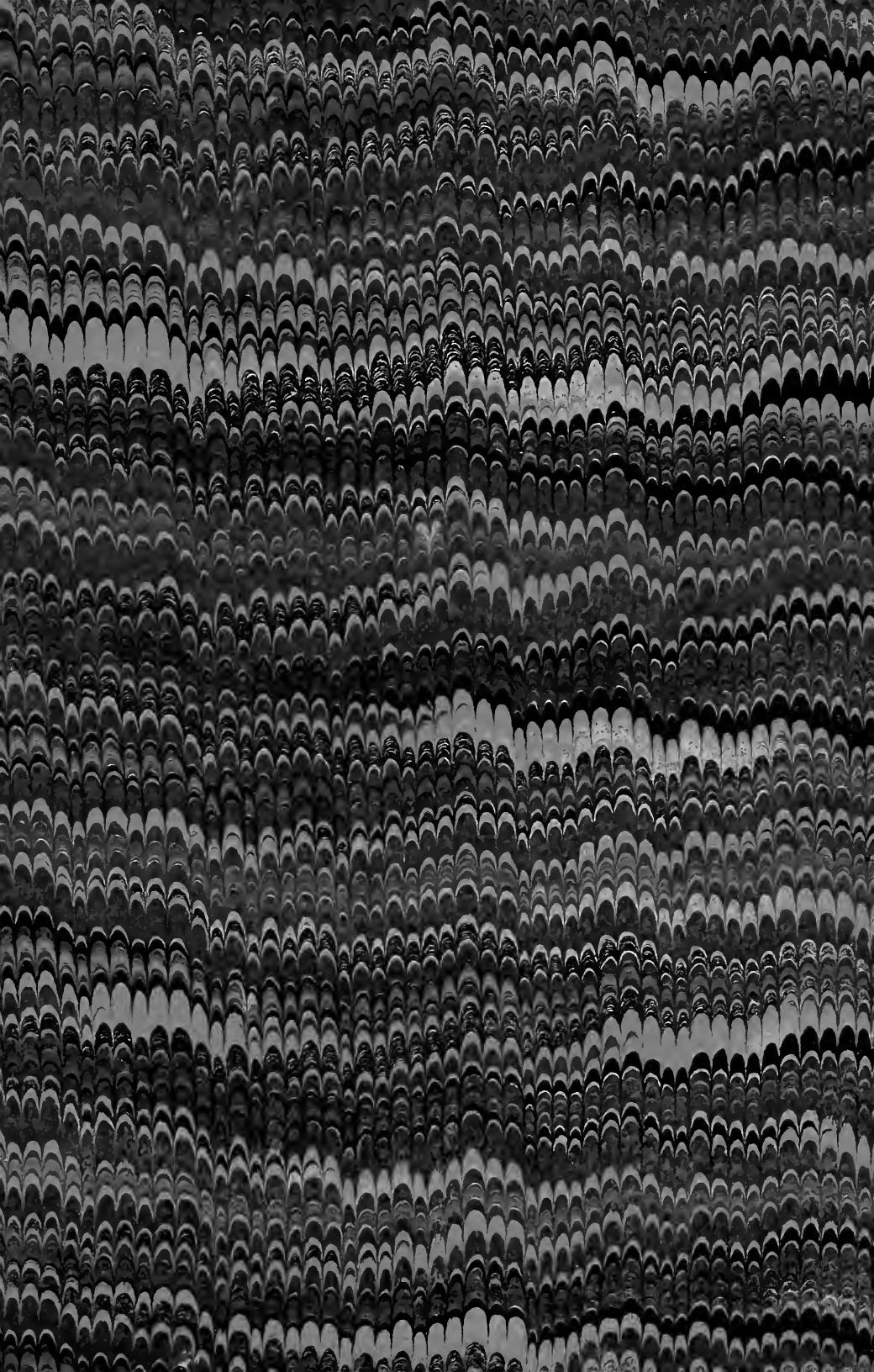












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